

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1921.

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THE SELF-STYLED "PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC," TO WHOM MR. LLOYD GEORGE SENT AN  
UNCONDITIONAL INVITATION TO A CONFERENCE: MR. E. DE VALERA.

In the hope of effecting peace in Ireland, the Prime Minister wrote on June 24 to Mr. de Valera, "as the chosen leader of the great majority in Southern Ireland," inviting him to "attend a conference here in London in company with Sir James Craig to explore to the utmost the possibility of a settlement," and to bring with him any colleagues he might select, the Government giving them a safe conduct. A similar invitation was sent to Sir James Craig, Premier of Northern Ireland, who replied that he was consulting his Cabinet. While there is a general

desire that the Irish question should be settled in accordance with the more moderate aspirations of Southern Ireland, it cannot be forgotten that the violent methods of Sinn Fein extremists have not been disowned by Mr. de Valera, nor is there any indication that he has attempted to control them. Mr. Lloyd George's offer was hailed with great enthusiasm by most of the daily papers, but this enthusiasm can scarcely be shared by those who have lost their nearest and dearest by the murder methods of the extreme Sinn Fein party.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.]

## OUR NOTE BOOK

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT may be noted that Woman, with a capital, is a word which is now used as meaning both an ideal and an individual. Before women got the vote, we were told very earnestly how Woman would use the vote. She would prevent War; she would purify Parliament; she would purge our politics of all snobbery and self-seeking. I confess that I for one got into not a little hot water at the time for casting doubts on these ideal generalisations. I did not, and I do not, believe that there is any particular antithesis between Woman and War. During my life-time England has waged two wars of considerable, though very unequal, size. With one of them, the war against the Boers, I totally disagreed. With the other, the war against the Prussians, I warmly sympathised. In both the women seemed to me rather more warlike than the men. I have seen the thing from both sides, from the war camp and the peace camp, from the popular majority and the unpopular minority, among those who would call the quality the patriotic heroism of women, and those who would call it the bloodthirsty vindictiveness of women; and in both aspects I have found it equally vindictive and heroic. Upon this point the idealistic pacifists fall into one of their many confusions. They were always saying, with a sneer, that retired colonels were enthusiastic for the campaigns in which they did not fight; and that men over military age were always telling younger men to do and die. But when the same pacifists talked of women they generally took a reverent, expectant, and even ecstatic tone, though the women were obviously in the same position as the old men. As a fact, the sneer was generally unjust both to the old men and the women; their patriotism was frequently silly and generally sincere.

In the same way I did not, and I do not, believe that women, as such, have any particular tendency to purge our politics of snobbery and self-seeking. Why should they? As a fact, most women are in the peculiar position of being snobs for others rather than for themselves. They embody the paradox of an unselfish self-seeking. But can any man in his senses say that he thinks that women, as such, the women of Belgravia, the women of Brixton, the women of Hoxton, are entirely and exceptionally devoid of social ambition? If our politics are corrupted by the sale of peerages, is it invariably true that only Mr. Brown wants to be a peer, while Mrs. Brown is indifferent or averse from being a peeress? If the middle classes are suffering from and for the sins of profiteers, is it invariably true that only Mr. Smith wants to become rich, while Mrs. Smith ardently desires to remain poor? If all classes, including the working class, do really tend to too much expenditure and display, is it only Mr. Robinson who wants to wear pearls (or pearlys), while Mrs. Robinson is only too anxious to wear rags? It may well be maintained, I think, that in the feminine case there is more moral beauty even in these mean ideals; since the woman is concerned less for the individual and more for the family. But nobody in his five wits supposes that she is concerned

entirely for the State. Nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that she will purge or purify the State, in so far as snobberies and social ambitions of that sort are the disease of the State.

But to-day Woman seems to have changed her character, while keeping her capital letter. A book called "Woman" has recently been written, I believe, which gives a much less statuesque and much more skittish account of the same person. But it seems to be agreed that it is the same person. It seems to be assumed that Woman is a single individual, to be covered by a simple generalisation. It is now discovered, I gather, that this person whose name is Woman has other private eccentricities; such as being able to fall in love with two or three men at once, or in something more than the most rapid succession of the

to satisfy. These figures being fashion-plates, the last is always a revolt against the last but one; but is as likely as not to be a restoration of the last but two. The recent revolts against the less recent, but hardly ever against the really old: When the daughter horrifies her mother, it is generally by dressing like her grandmother.

This is what weakens certain recent disputes about the Victorian Woman; especially the denunciation of the Victorian Woman as the priestess of some prehistoric and venerable superstition of sentiment. To begin with, of course, the sentimentalist who "fainted at a proposal" was as much an exception in the Victorian Age as in any other age. Florence Nightingale, as described in Mr. Strachey's book, had a good many personal interviews with men, and did not faint. It was the men who fainted. But in so far as fainting was a fashion, the point is that it was a new fashion. Fainting was a step in progress, a stage in evolution, a new advance in the onward and upward path of humanity. Sensibility, as the eighteenth century called it, was counted an advance in civilisation which the eighteenth century worshipped. It reformed the barbarism of the coarse women of Shakespeare or Fielding; and we find Jane Austen exalting the new refinement of the novel over the grossness of Addison and the *Spectator*. In so far as there was a pose of sensibility, it was a pose of civilisation. In so far as there is a revolt against it, it might well be called a pose of barbarism. Now we may agree that it is not really a return to barbarism; because some of us may doubt whether Shakespeare and Fielding were barbaric; or even whether Addison can strictly be called a savage. But it is certainly a return to antiquity. The flapper is



## MURDERED BY SINK FEINERS.

Photographs by Russell, Bassano, C.N., and Auxiliary Portrait Studios.

most sentimental school-girl's diary. She further describes, also in the style of the diary, how she realises her own beauty in the admiring eyes of the man in the street. Suppose a man, myself or another, were to write: "I become conscious of my elegance, as crowds gaze after me when I walk through the village"; or "My hat and moustache were much admired in the Tube Station to-day." And suppose he were to call this monologue by the simple title "Man," I think it would be felt that he had taken too general, too philosophical, and, as it were, too epic a name for his interesting little autobiography. It would be gently pointed out that he was not Man, but only a man; if, indeed, he was that.

Now it may be doubted whether either of these generalisations about woman cover even a reasonable number of women. Most of us know a woman or two who is less addicted to purifying the State than the first, and more addicted to purifying the family than the second. Probably the only sort of woman really normal enough to deserve a capital letter would laugh very heartily at the idea of having one. But in so far as these types do exist, they are not so much individuals as ideals; and not so much ideals as fashions. We might define a fashion as an ideal that fails

trying on her grandmother's clothes, or rather her great-grandmother's clothes. Paganism is something that her great-grandmother tried, and her progressive grandmother left behind. Meanwhile, under this shifting cloudland of fashion, the valleys and villages of this planet remain pretty much the same; and in the valleys and villages a large but little known class of people called women continue to potter about. Often they have votes which they forget to use, and divorce facilities of which they unaccountably neglect to avail themselves. Often they have not these privileges; often they have never heard of them; often they have heard of them, and forgotten them again quite rapidly. They do not know that the frivolity of the Flapper has succeeded to the solemnity of the Suffragette. They do not know that the anti-domestic Nora, who could do without a husband, has been driven out by an abnormally domesticated character who feels she could do with three husbands. They go on playing with their dolls-houses with a curious composure, and never imagine them as containing three toy husbands. For though a proper Noah's Ark should contain two specimens of every animal, nobody ever proposed that it should contain two Noahs. And while the world is young, it will be satisfied with very old toys.

## MURDER BY INSTALMENTS: A BRITISH OFFICER'S FATE IN IRELAND.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT FROM EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



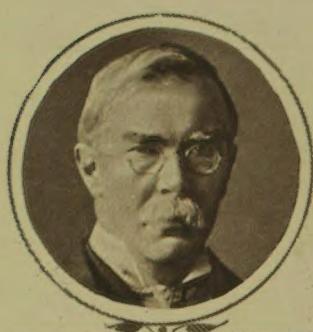
"FINISHING" A WOUNDED MAN: SNN FEINERS KILLING LIEUT. BREEZE AFTER FIRST WOUNDING HIM, THEN BANDAGING HIM, AND FORCING HIS LADY COMPANION TO DRIVE HIM TO THE PLACE OF FINAL EXECUTION.

Lieut. A. D. H. Breeze, aged twenty, of the Worcester Regiment, was murdered on Sunday, June 19, in circumstances of peculiar brutality. He was motoring in mufti near Dublin in a four-seater car with two ladies, one of whom was driving, when they were held up by armed men. According to an authoritative account, Lieut. Breeze was shot and wounded in the hips, whereupon the assailants bandaged him outside his clothes and replaced him in the car. They then ordered one lady to get out, and compelled the other to drive towards the mountains, with a Sinn Fein car following. At the spot shown in our illustration,

the wounded man was put up against a low wall and shot by two men with rifles and explosive bullets at a range of two or three yards. His body was left where he fell. The lady was then ordered to drive back towards Dublin, the Sinn Fein car again following. Near the city she was threatened and told to go where she liked, while the other car made off. When found, the body was coatless, with collar torn away and cap gone. The wall was stained with blood. The hips were bandaged over the first wounds, and there were fresh wounds in the throat and jaw.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

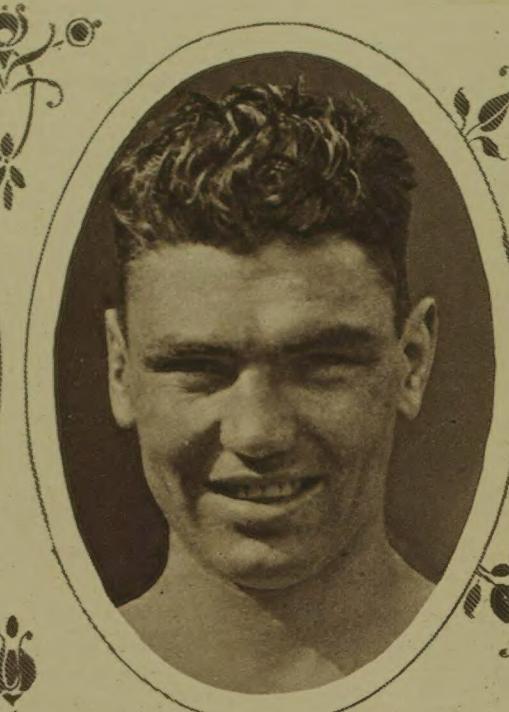
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, L.N.A., PHOTOPRESS, SPEAGHT, BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, TOPICAL PRESS, AND HILLS AND SAUNDERS.



A GOLD MEDALLIST: SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT, F.R.S.



RECORD SCORER FOR WINCHESTER: MR. J. L. GUISE.



MEETING DEMPSEY IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP: CARPENTIER.



AUSTRALIA'S FIRST WOMAN M.P.: MRS. COWAN.



THE TEST MATCH CAPTAIN: HON. L. H. TENNYSON.



A "V.C." AIRMAN KILLED DURING PRACTICE FLIGHT: LIEUT. A. W. B. PROCTOR

LEAVING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ON HER ROSE DAY TOUR OF LONDON: QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



KIDNAPPED IN IRELAND BY SNN FEINERS: THE EARL OF BANDON.



A TRIBUTE FROM INDIA TO THE GLORIOUS DEAD: THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA SALUTING THE CENOTAPH.



IN THE WELSH "GORSEDD" PROCLAMATION: THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, SIR VINCENT EVANS, AND MR. JOHN HINDS, M.P.

Sir Almroth Wright, F.R.S., has received the first award of the Royal Society of Medicine in recognition of his valuable services to medicine during the war, in which he served as consultant physician in France from 1914-19, receiving the C.B., M.B.E., and being mentioned in despatches.—Mrs. Cowan is the first woman Member of Parliament in Australia, having defeated the Attorney-General in the State elections in Perth, Western Australia.—The new English captain in the third cricket Test Match, which commences to-day (July 2), is the Hon. L. H. Tennyson, who played for Eton in 1907-1908, for England in South Africa 1913-1914, and is captain of the Hampshire Eleven.—Flight-Lieutenant Andrew Beauchamp-Proctor, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., was killed during a practice flight

at Upavon Flying School through his machine getting out of control as the result of an upside-down spin after looping. He destroyed twenty-two enemy machines, sixteen enemy kite-balloons, and drove down sixteen enemy aircraft completely out of control, a total of fifty-four, during the war.—Queen Alexandra, so well beloved by the British people, took her annual drive round the West End of London and the City on Rose Day, when one and all rush to contribute, at her behest, towards the funds of the London hospitals.—Lord Bandon, a Representative Irish Peer, who owns 41,000 acres, was kidnapped and carried away by Sinn Feiners.—Mr. J. L. Guise made a record score for any Eton v. Winchester cricket match, hitting up 278 runs in one innings.

## THE GREEK WAR; WOLF DOGS; LONGCHAMP; A DUCAL WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, I.N.A., AND C.N.



GOING TO THE FRONT: KING CONSTANTINE ABOARD THE "LEMNOS."



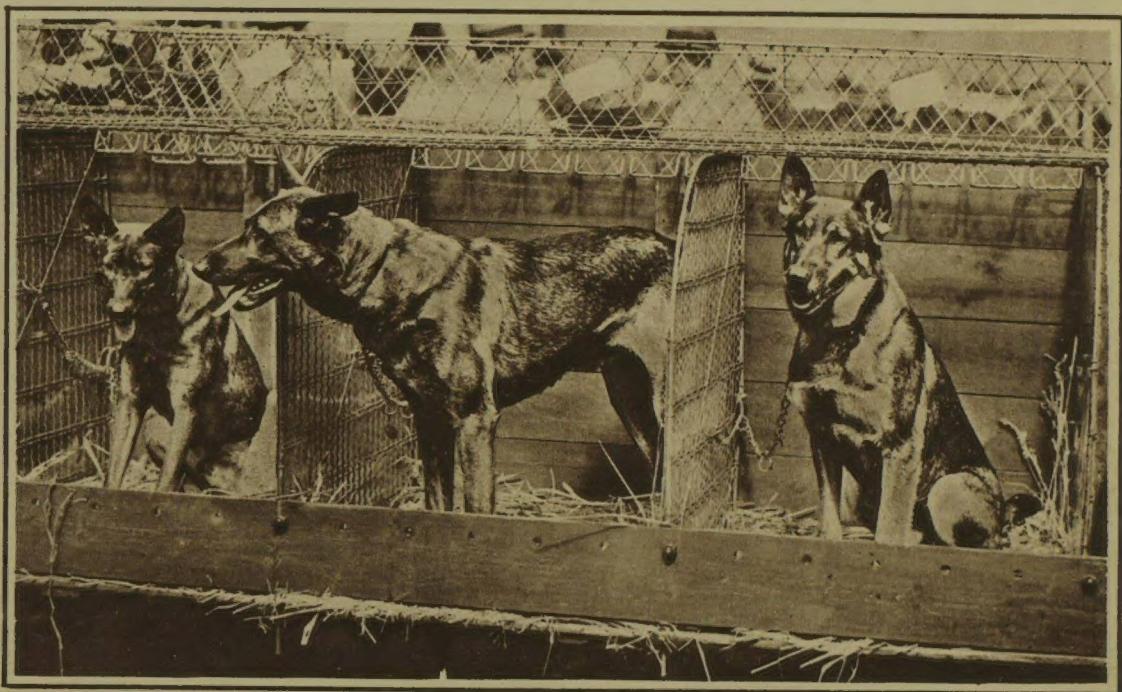
THE GREEK COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN ASIA MINOR: GENERAL PAPOULAS INSPECTING THE 3RD DIVISION AT THE FRONT.



GREEK CHIEF OF STAFF: GEN. DOUSMANIS ABOARD THE "LEMNOS."



COMMENDED AT THE ALSATIAN WOLF DOG SHOW: CAPT. P. WHITAKER'S "SOUTHWOLD-WISDOM."

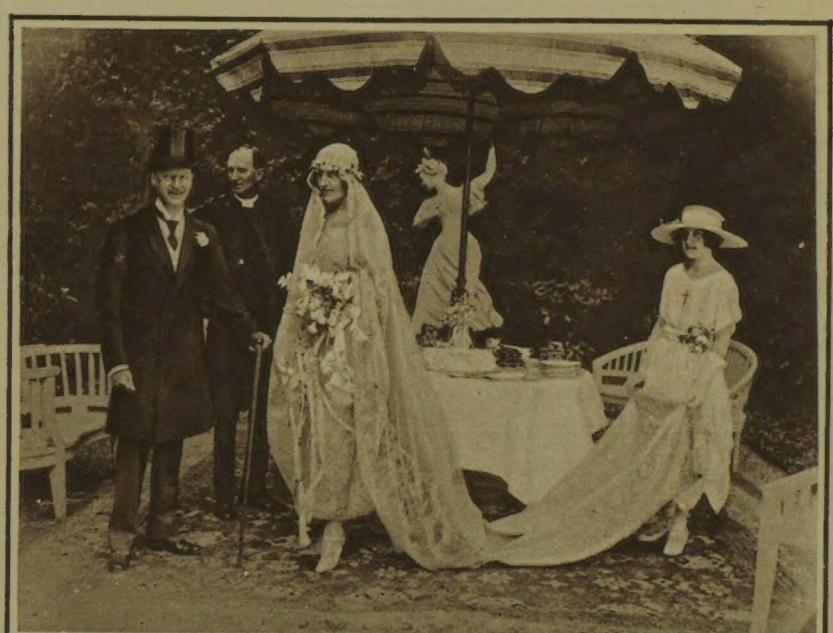


THREE OF THE 102 ALSATIAN WOLF DOGS SHOWN AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL: CAPT. P. WHITAKER'S "SOUTHWOLD WATCHMAN," "SOUTHWOLD FALK," AND "SOUTHWOLD WISDOM."



A BRITISH VICTORY IN THE CHIEF FRENCH RACING EVENT: MR. J. WATSON'S "LEMONORA" (J. CHILDS UP) WINNING THE GRAND PRIX AT LONGCHAMP.

King Constantine arrived at Smyrna in the Greek battle-ship "Lemnos" on June 12, on his way to the front in Asia Minor for the Greek offensive against the Kemalist Turks. He is the first Christian King to enter Anatolia since the Crusades. The Greek force numbers about 160,000. On June 26 Greece declined the Allied offer of mediation contained in the Note of June 21.—The Alsatian Wolf Dog Club's Show, held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on June 24, attracted the record number of 450 entries, but only 102 dogs were actually exhibited. Capt. Percy Whitaker's dogs were highly commended.—The Grand Prix was run at Longchamp (of which a double-page drawing appears

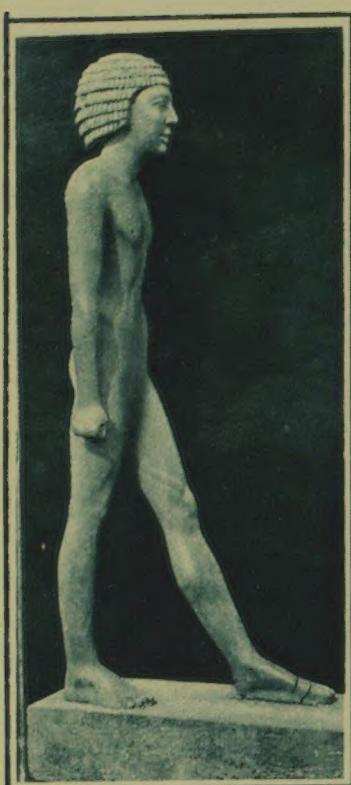


A DUKE'S AMERICAN BRIDE WHO OMITTED THE WORD "OBEY": THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND MISS GLADYS DEACON ON THEIR WEDDING DAY IN PARIS.

in this number) on Sunday, June 26. Mr. J. Watson's Lemonora, ridden by J. Childs, won by two lengths from Flechois. Harpocrate was third.—The Duke of Marlborough has married, in Paris, Miss Gladys Marie Deacon, daughter of Mr. Edward Parker Deacon, of Boston, U.S.A. The civil ceremony took place at the British Consulate on June 24, and the religious ceremony on the 25th at the house of the bride's cousin, Mr. Eugene Higgins, in the Place d'Iéna. The Rev. T. H. Wright (seen in our photograph), Minister of the Church of Scotland in Paris, officiated; and the bride's train-bearer was Mlle. Christine de Boisrouvray. The word "obey" was omitted from the bride's responses.

## SOME OVER 6000 YEARS OLD: "FINDS" IN EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE, OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY.



CARVED ABOUT 4000 B.C.: AN EBONY FIGURE OF A YOUTH.



AS FOUND IN A TOMB PIT: A GROUP OF EBONY FIGURES DATING FROM ABOUT 4000 B.C.



MADE ABOUT 1500 B.C.: A GIRL CARRYING A VASE.



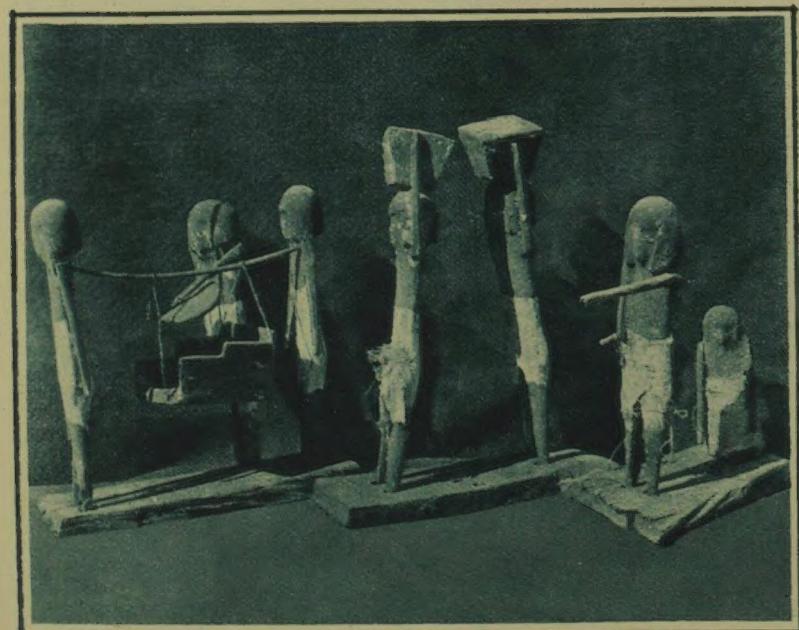
IN PERFECT CONDITION AFTER 6000 YEARS: AN ALABASTER HEAD-REST.



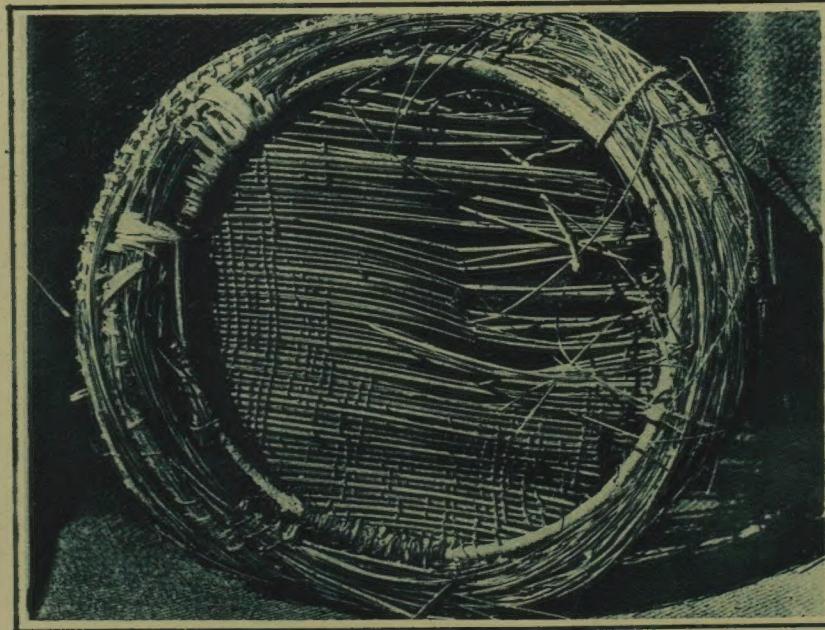
SIXTY CENTURIES OLD: THE LARGEST EBONY FIGURE FOUND (TWENTY-EIGHT INCHES HIGH).



OF THE FIRST DYNASTY: THE OLDEST LOTUS VASE KNOWN.



A "SEDAN CHAIR" OF ABOUT 3900 B.C.: SERVANTS CARRYING A LITTER FOR THEIR MASTER'S USE IN THE AFTER LIFE.



VERY LIKE ITS MODERN COUNTERPART: A SIEVE OF 1500 B.C. STILL IN GOOD CONDITION.

Describing the objects discovered in Egypt last winter by the British School of Archaeology, to be shown at University College, Gower Street, from July 4 to 30, Professor Flinders Petrie writes: "A group of ebony statues was found in an extraordinary position, buried about a dozen feet down in the filling of a tomb pit. They were ranked with their backs to the wall (as seen in the top centre photograph). On continuing to dig down to forty feet deep the tomb chamber was found; the coffin had perished, but the alabaster head-rest, here illustrated, is in perfect condition. It bears the name and titles of an official, Mery-

ra-ha-shetef, named after King Pepyl, about 4200 B.C.; the figures are therefore over six thousand years old. The lotus vase, with alabaster petals and slate sepals, of the First Dynasty, is more than a thousand years earlier, the parent of all the later lotus vases. A great feature of this year is the variety of models of boats and servants. These date from about 3800 B.C. One illustrated here is of servants bearing a chair, while another carries the fan. A sieve was found with much of the web still firm. A beautiful carving of a girl, figured here, has been lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Club."

## PAGAN RUSSIA EXPRESSED IN BALLET: THE "CHOSEN VIRGIN'S" DANCE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER.



*"Le Sacre du Printemps."*

DANCING TO STRAVINSKY MUSIC: Mlle. LYDIA SOKOLOVA, AS THE CHOSEN VIRGIN, IN "LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS" (THE RITE OF SPRING), AT THE PRINCES THEATRE.

Great interest was aroused by the Russian Ballet's production at the Princes Theatre, on June 27, of "Le Sacre du Printemps" (The Rite of Spring), with music by Igor Stravinsky, choreography by Leonide Massine, and grandly romantic décor by Nicolas Roerich. The ballet, which has no definite story, expresses the spirit of a religious rite in prehistoric Russia. Our drawing shows the second scene, in which the Chosen Virgin (wonderfully played by Mlle. Lydia Sokolova) breaks into a wild dance, the triumphant conclusion of the rites, amid surrounding men and women worshippers, whose group movements have up to this point

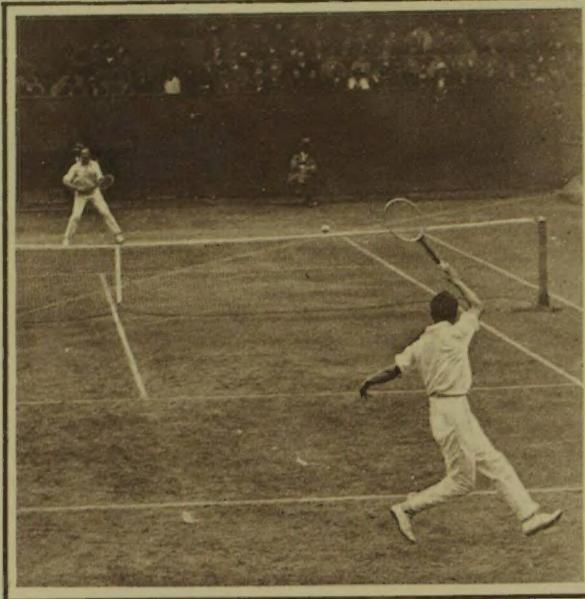
formed the principal part of the performance. Before M. Diaghileff produced it as a ballet, M. Goossens had prepared London audiences by giving "Le Sacre du Printemps" at two concerts, thus accustoming them to the strange beauty of Stravinsky's music. Most Londoners will remember the sensation caused by the ballet when first given at Drury Lane in 1913. There have been some changes since then, notably the substitution of M. Massine's choreography for that of Nijinsky, which will doubtless cause much discussion among enthusiasts.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## LAWN-TENNIS PROTAGONISTS: THE GREAT TOURNAMENT AT WIMBLEDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFERT, L.N.A., C.N. AND I.B.



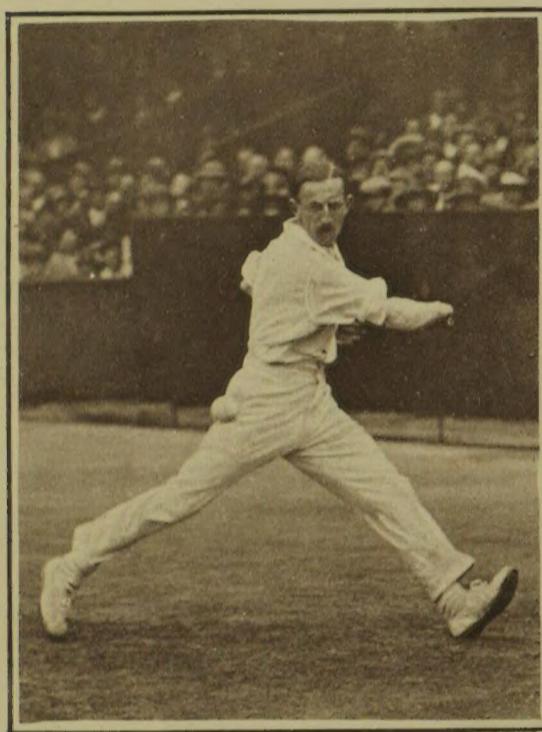
FRENCH AND SPANISH "STARS": M. ALONSO AND Mlle. LENGLEN WALKING TOGETHER.



THE DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH "HOPE" IN THE MEN'S SINGLES: MAJOR KINGSCOTE (FAR SIDE) AND M. ALONSO.



CONGRATULATING THE CHAMPION OF SPAIN: KING ALFONSO SHAKING HANDS WITH M. ALONSO.



ENGLAND'S "FIRST STRING" DEFEATED BY THE SPANIARD: MAJOR KINGSCOTE TAKING A BACK-HANDER.



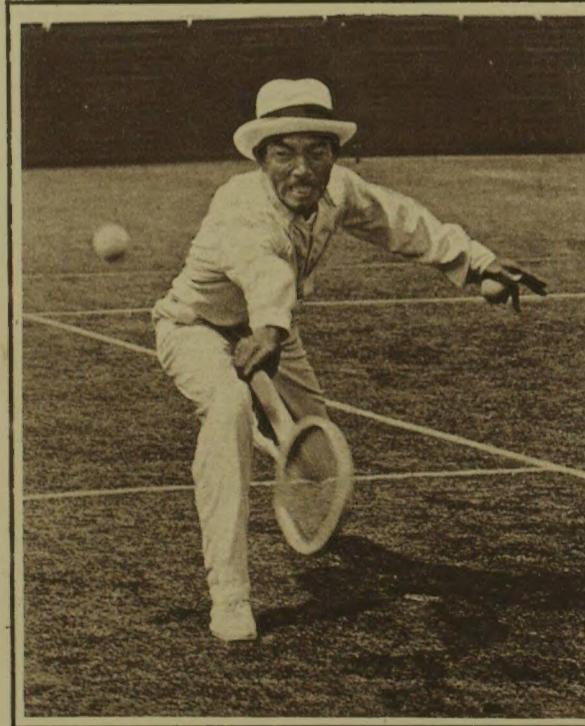
THE WORLD'S CHAMPION WHO HAD TO DEFEND HIS TITLE: MR. W. T. TILDEN (U.S.A.).



CARRYING A GLASS OF WATER: MISS RYAN, WHO DEFEATED MRS. MALLORY, THE AMERICAN LADY CHAMPION.



SERVING IN THE MATCH IN WHICH SHE DEFEATED THE AMERICAN LADY CHAMPION: MISS RYAN.



JAPAN'S REPRESENTATIVE TAKING A BACK-HAND-RETURN: MR. SHIMIDZU IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE.



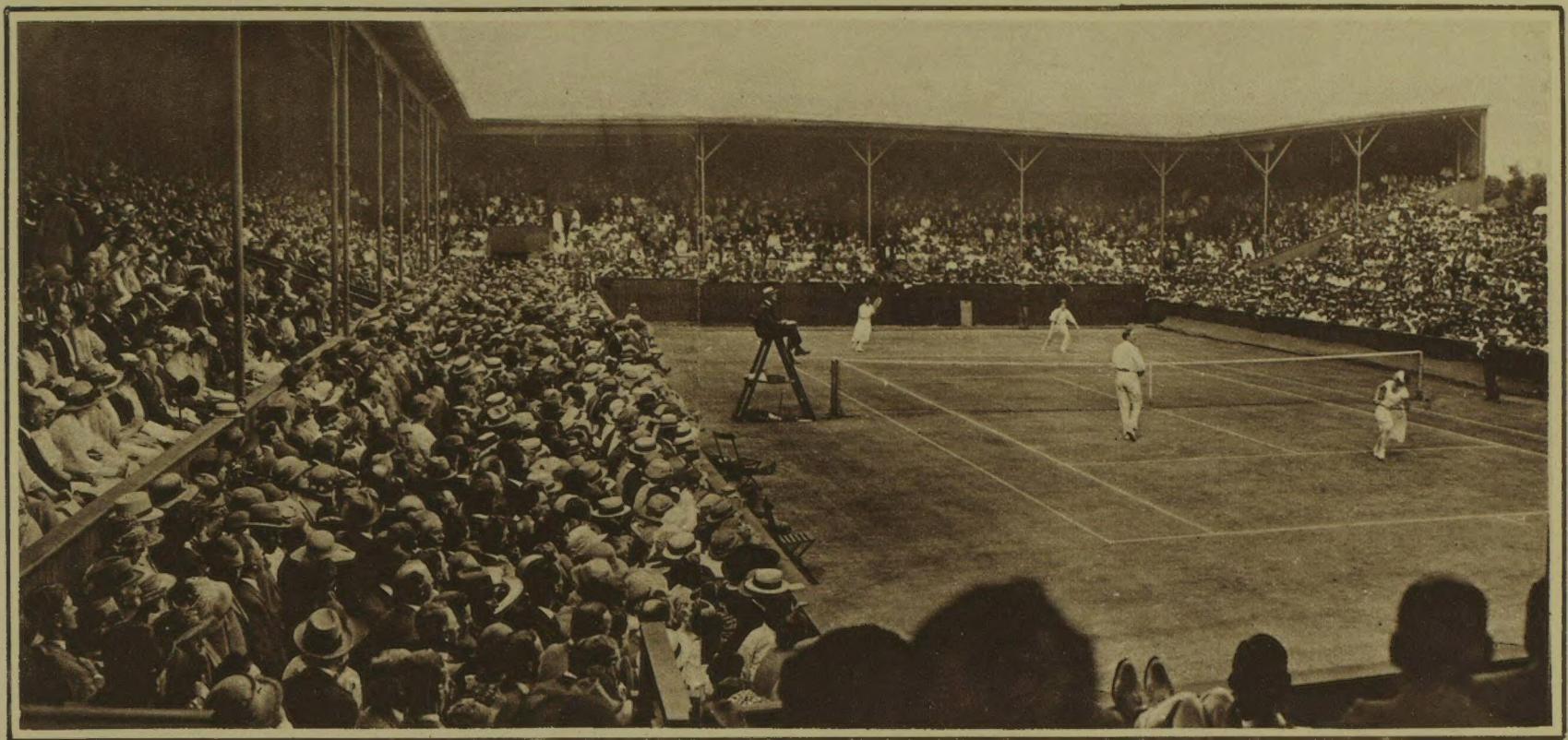
DEFEATED BY A BRITISH PAIR: MR. W. T. TILDEN AND MRS. MALLORY, IN THE MIXED DOUBLES.

The snapshots given above on this page illustrate some interesting stages in the great International Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon which terminates to-day (July 2). By the evening of Saturday (June 25) all the British players in the Singles had been defeated, and there were only four men left—namely, M. Manuel Alonso, of Spain, Mr. Shimidzu, of Japan, Mr. F. T. Hunter, of the U.S.A., and Mr. B. I. C. Norton, of South Africa. It was some consolation for the defeat of Major Kingscote, the English first string, that M. Alonso played the most

brilliant lawn tennis in beating him. Another event of great interest was the defeat of Mr. Tilden, the World's Champion, and Mrs. Franklin Mallory, American Lady Champion, by Mr. Max Woosnam and Miss P. L. Howkins, in the third round of the Mixed Doubles. Miss Ryan justified the confidence reposed in her by beating Mrs. Mallory in the Ladies' Singles, but not before Mrs. Mallory had shown how Mr. Tilden came to maintain that among women players she, at her best, has no superior.

## THE MECCA OF LAWN-TENNIS: CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI AND AEROFILMS, LTD.



A CLOSE VIEW OF THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON: M. GOBERT AND MME. LENGLÉ (ON THE NEAR COURT) BEATING MR. G. R. SHERWELL AND MRS. BEAMISH IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE MIXED DOUBLES.



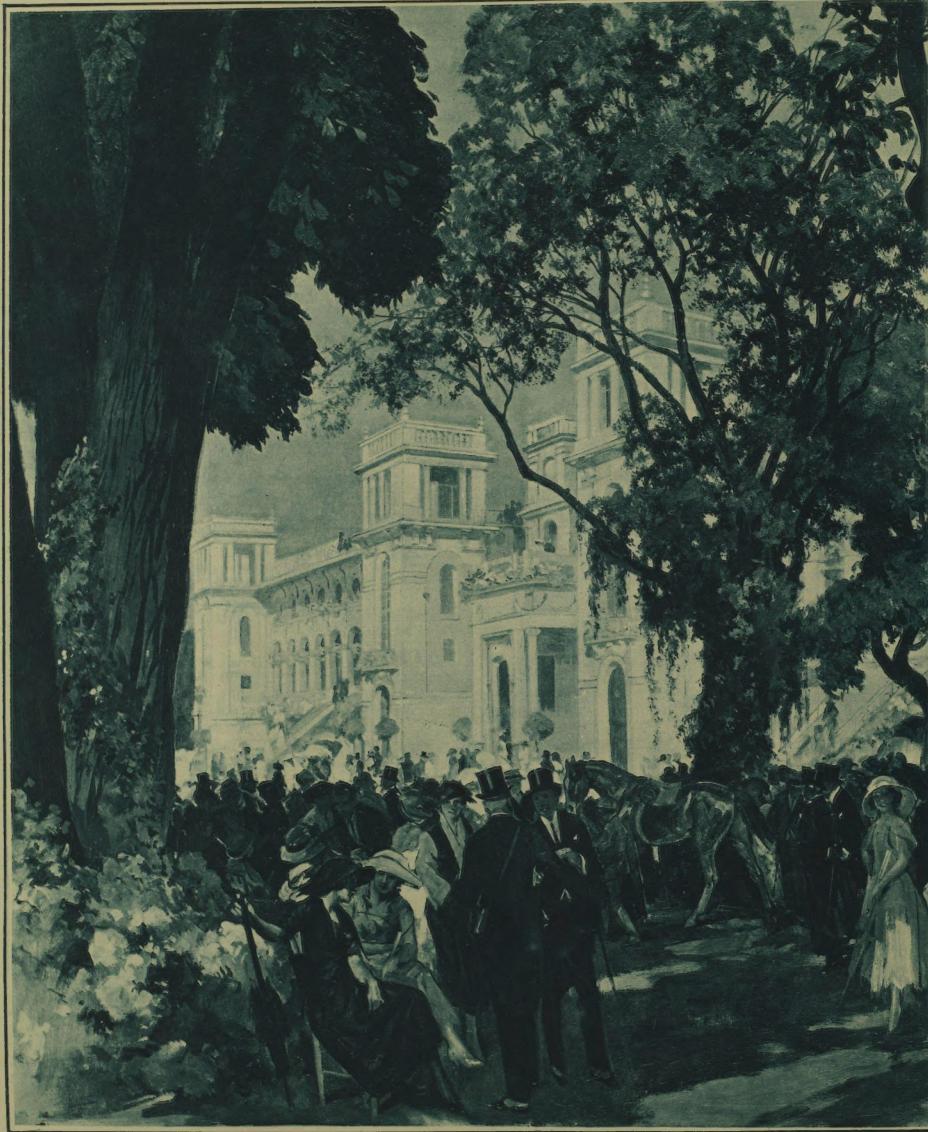
AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF THE LAWN-TENNIS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS TOURNAMENT: THE WIMBLEDON COURTS AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, SHOWING THE CENTRE COURT PACKED DURING A MATCH IN THE SINGLES.

In the great sports fortnight which reaches its climax to-day, Saturday, July 2, neither the racing nor the polo, nor the golf, has created greater public interest or keener international rivalry than the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon. World-wide interest will be shown in the two great challenge rounds for the Singles Championships, at present held by Mme. Suzanne Lenglen, of France, and Mr. W. T. Tilden, of the United States. The attendance throughout the meeting has been a record one, every foot of space available for spectators being occupied, as our photographs show. The top picture shows the huge crowd watching the

match in the first round of the Mixed Doubles between M. Gobert and Mme. Lenglen and Mr. G. R. Sherwell and Mrs. Beamish. The French pair won, but only after an even match. Later, M. Gobert had a fall in the Singles, and he and Mme. Lenglen consequently scratched in the second round of the Mixed Doubles, against Mr. R. Lycett and Miss Ryan. The lower photograph gives a bird's-eye view of the courts whilst singles were in progress, showing the crowds in the centre stand and round the courts. It was taken from an aeroplane at four o'clock on June 23.

## THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE BRITISH GRAND PRIX: LONGCHAMP,

DRAWN BY



WHERE HORSES MINGLE WITH CROWDS OF FASHIONABLE WOMEN, IN THE ABSENCE OF A

The great climax to the sporting events of the French season, which this year has been more brilliant than any since the war, is the race meeting at Longchamp for the Grand Prix—which may justly be described as the Ascot of France. For this year's Grand Prix, run on Sunday, June 26, a larger contingent than usual of British Society and racing circles had arranged to cross the Channel for the event, owing to the large number of English horses with good chances which were engaged. But it is the dresses and the social side of the fixture which attract the majority of visitors, French and English, to Longchamp, rather than

## THE ASCOT OF FRANCE, THE SCENE OF LEMONORA'S VICTORY.

RENÉ LELONG.



PARADE RING: PARISIAN SOCIETY IN THE PADDOCK AT LONGCHAMP ON GRAND PRIX DAY.

the racing itself. The scene in the paddock between the races attains a brilliance which is probably unsurpassed anywhere in the world, but the arrangements are unsatisfactory from a racing point of view. The horses walk amongst the people and the people amongst the horses, and there is no parade ring at all. On the other hand, the traffic control and stands are managed much better than over here. For the third time in succession the Grand Prix went to an English horse, Mr. J. Watson's Lemonora winning comfortably by two lengths from Flechois and Harpocrate. Last year Comrade won, and in 1919 Galloper Light. (Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)

## TWO GREAT EVENTS IN A GREAT SPORTS YEAR: AMERICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BROWN AND CO. (LANARK).



INCLUDING THE FIRST AMERICAN WINNER OF THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, JOCK HUTCHISON (NO. 32 IN THE PHOTOGRAPH).



THE SECOND POLO TEST AT HURLINGHAM: A DIFFICULT SHOT BY AN ENGLISH PLAYER (RIGHT) NEAR THE SIDE-BOARDS.



A MÉLÉE AT THE AMERICAN GOAL: (RIGHT FOREGROUND) MR. J. WATSON WEBB (U.S. NO. 3); (NEXT BUT ONE TO LEFT) LORD WODEHOUSE (ENGLISH NO. 3).



LIKE A RACE: (L. TO R.) AN AMERICAN, HITTING THE BALL; LORD WODEHOUSE (ENGLISH NO. 3); AN AMERICAN; MAJOR LOCKETT (ENGLISH BACK).



LORD WODEHOUSE (CENTRE, IN DARK JERSEY) SCORING FOR ENGLAND: AN INCIDENT DURING THE SECOND POLO TEST MATCH.

The second Polo Test Match between England and America, played at Hurlingham on June 22, was won (like the first) by the Americans, this time by ten goals to six. The Cup, which England won in 1914, thus returns to the United States. Both sides have now won it four times. The Americans may be distinguished by their white jerseys. The English team was: Mr. L. E. Stoddard (No. 1), Mr. G. Hitchcock (No. 2), Mr. J. Watson Webb (No. 3), and Mr. Devereux Milburn (No. 4, or Back). The English team was: Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Tomkinson (No. 1), Major F. W. Barrett (No. 2), Lord Wodehouse (No. 3), and Major Vivian Lockett (Back).—The Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews was also won by an American, Jock Hutchison. He first tied with Mr. R. H. Wethered, the Oxford amateur, the score being 296 all. Mr. Wethered had lost one stroke by treading on his ball. When the tie was played off, on June 25, Hutchison won by 9 strokes over 36 holes. The figures in the long group at the top are as follows: Back Row (left to right): (1) Dick May; (2) David Millar; (3) Tom Fernie; (4) Tom Mounce; (5) Arthur Ham; (6) Melville Brown; (7) Marcel Roussey; (8) W. L.

## WINS THE POLO CUP AND THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

ALVIERI, L.B., PHOTO. ILLUS. CO., AND TOPICAL.



WHO BEAT MR. R. H. WETHERED AT ST. ANDREWS AFTER FIRST TYING WITH HIM: A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN GOLF PROFESSIONALS.



PLAYING OFF THE TIE TO DECIDE THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: JOCK HUTCHISON AND MR. WETHERED ON THE HOME GREEN AT ST. ANDREWS.



THE GREAT GOLF DUEL: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. R. H. WETHERED (RUNNER-UP) AND JOCK HUTCHISON (CHAMPION).



THE FIGHT FOR THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: HUTCHISON PUTTING ON THE 15TH GREEN AT ST. ANDREWS.



THE SCENE OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: HILLS AND SEA BEYOND THE 18TH GREEN, WITH KIRKWOOD AND SANDY HERD "APPROACHING."

Ritchie; (9) L. Auchterlonie; (10) Geo. Braid; (11) Hugh Roberts; (12) V. S. Robertson; (13) Tom Williamson; (14) Jas. G. Sherriff; (15) A. T. Hayers; (16) Walter Hagen; (17) Jack White; (18) Andrew Kirkaldy; (19) J. V. East; (20) Emmet French; (21) J. H. Taylor; (22) Fred. Jarman; (23) C. Johns; (24) Hy. Cawsey; (25) Jas. Rimmer; (26) Geo. E. Smith; (27) C. F. White; (28) Jos. Taylor; (29) J. H. Kirkwood; (30) Arnaud Massery; (31) Gordon Lockhart; (32) Jock Hutchison; (33) Ted Ray; (34) Harry Vardon; (35) James Braid; (36) W. R. Bourne; (37) Peter Robertson; (38) J. H. Turner; (39) R. E. Ballantine; (40) David Ayton; (41) W. E. Brown; (42) Geo. Thomson; (43) Robert Turnbull; (44) Wm. Melhior; (45) Geo. McLean; (46) C. W. Hackney; (47) Wilfred E. Reid; (48) Fred. McLeod; (49) Tom Kerrigan; (50) Joe Anderson; (51) Duncan M. Barr; (52) Frank Ball; (53) Claud Gray; (54) J. Holland; (55) Jas. Sower; (56) Robert McInnes. Front Row (l. to r.): (A) T. Shannon; (B) Ernest C. Anderson; (C) Douglas Edgar; (D) Thos. Wilson; (E) Andrew Kay.

## THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE FIRST ULSTER PARLIAMENT:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



INCLUDING THE PREMIER OF NORTHERN IRELAND: (L. TO R.) MR. DENIS CRAIG, MR. JAMES CRAIG, LADY CRAIG, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ABERCORN, AND SIR JAMES CRAIG.



THE QUEEN IN BELFAST: HER MAJESTY WITH VISCOUNT FITZALAN AND SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON (RIGHT), ULSTER KING OF ARMS.



WITH THE BOUQUET WHICH THEY PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN: (L. TO R.) MISS JEAN COATES, MISS EILEEN CRAIG, AND MASTER FREDERICK COATES.

"I APPEAL TO ALL IRISHMEN TO PAUSE, TO STRETCH OUT THE HAND OF FORBEARANCE AND OF NORTHERN IRELAND U

The King's earnest appeal to Irishmen in his speech at Belfast, when opening the Parliament of Northern Ireland on June 22, sent a thrill of hope through the world that his noble words might point the way at last to peace and goodwill in this distracted land. "For all who love Ireland," said his Majesty, "as I do with all my heart, this is a profoundly moving occasion in Irish history. . . . I speak from a full heart when I pray that my coming to Ireland to-day may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife amongst her people, whatever their race or creed. In that hope I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment, and good will. It is my earnest desire that in Southern Ireland, too, there may ere long take place a parallel to what is now passing in this hall; that there a similar occasion may present itself and a similar ceremony may be performed. For this the Parliament of the

## THE KING IN BELFAST, AND HIS APPEAL TO IRISHMEN.

PHOTOPRESS, FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., I.B., AND C.N.



CONCILIATION": THE KING READING HIS MEMORABLE SPEECH IN OPENING THE PARLIAMENT OF THE CITY HALL, BELFAST.



INCLUDING THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND: (L. TO R.) LADY GREENWOOD, SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, LADY CARSON, AND SIR JAMES CRAIG.



THE QUEEN AND THE LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST, WHO WAS MADE A BARONET: HER MAJESTY CHATTING WITH MR. WILLIAM COATES OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL.



THE KING'S FIRST ACT ON LANDING AT DONEGALL QUAY: HIS MAJESTY BEING MET BY THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

United Kingdom has in the fullest measure provided the powers; for this the Parliament of Ulster is pointing the way. The future lies in the hands of my Irish people themselves. May this historic gathering be the prelude of a day in which the Irish people, North and South, under one Parliament or two, as those Parliaments may themselves decide, shall work together in common love for Ireland upon the sure foundation of mutual justice and respect." In the central photograph are seen, to the right of the Queen, Viscount FitzAlan bearing the Sword of State, and, to left of the King, the Speaker of the Senate. The fifth figure to the left from the Speaker is the Chief Secretary, Sir Hamar Greenwood. In the foreground are the Commons, who were summoned by Black Rod. Among the Senators present were the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Londonderry. The honour conferred by the King included a baronetcy for the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Mr. William F. Coates.

## "NEVER . . . A MORE SPLENDID RECEPTION": THE KING IN BELFAST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND I.B.



AT "LOYAL WELCOME TO THIS SPLENDID CITY": THEIR MAJESTIES IN BELFAST, DRIVING FROM THE CITY HALL TO ULSTER HALL, AFTER THE OPENING OF THE PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND BY THE KING.



THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING THROUGH BELFAST IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE AT A WALKING PACE: A WONDERFUL SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM IN THE CAPITAL OF NORTHERN IRELAND—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH DONEGALL PLACE.

His Majesty the King, accompanied by the Queen, visited Belfast on Wednesday, June 22, to open in person the first Northern Parliament of Ireland. During the royal visit there were three processions: from the Quay to the City Hall, from there to the Ulster Hall, and finally a two-mile return journey to the Quay at a walking pace. The King and Queen drove in an open state carriage, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant, Lord FitzAlan, and the Minister in attendance, Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, with a Sovereign's escort of the 10th Hussars. Referring

to his reception on his return, his Majesty said to Mr. Lloyd George: "It was wonderful. I have never experienced a more splendid reception in any part of my Empire." In reply to the addresses in the Ulster Hall, he said: "I am deeply grateful to the Corporation and people of Belfast for their loyal welcome to this splendid city." His Majesty also spoke of "the gallant part which the sons of Ulster played during the Great War by sea, land, and in the air," referring especially to the famous 36th Ulster Division.

## A DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE: THE ROYAL ESCORT'S TRAIN BLOWN UP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS AND L.N.A.



A DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE WHICH KILLED FOUR MEN AND THIRTY HORSES OF THE KING'S BELFAST ESCORT OF HUSSARS: WRECKAGE OF THE TROOP TRAIN MINED BY SINK FEINERS ON ITS RETURN JOURNEY.



A CRIME FROM WHICH HORSES WERE THE CHIEF SUFFERERS: ONE OF THE WRECKED CARRIAGES, WITH A LIVE HORSE IN THE MIDDLE.

A troop train carrying back to the Curragh the Sovereign's escort of 10th Hussars which took part in the King's visit to Belfast was blown up and derailed by Sinn Feiners at a lonely spot called the Gap of the North, at Adavoye, near Dundalk, Co. Armagh. Four troopers and the guard of the train were killed and twenty injured. About thirty horses were also killed. The spectacle after the wreck was heartrending, the unfortunate horses being jammed and crushed in the overturned wagons. Mutilated horses whinnied and screamed, and every now and again a shot rang out as a poor animal, horribly injured, was mercifully



SINK FEIN'S MASSACRE OF THE KING'S ESCORT HORSES: CORPSES OF SOME OF THE THIRTY WHICH WERE KILLED OR HAD TO BE SHOT.

put out of its agony. A number of horses which escaped in the confusion cantered about the fields, evidently enjoying their freedom. The train was the second of three specials which left Belfast with troops and horses. The first train passed through safely, as did also a passenger train. Before the outrage the telegraph wires were cut, and when approaching the place the troops observed signal fires in the mountains. Part of the line had been torn up and bombs or land mines placed in the gap. The train, which was cut in two by the explosion, contained one squadron ("B"), the Headquarters Staff, and 104 horses.

## "MY BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT": THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONGST THE CHILDREN IN EPPING FOREST.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



THE PRINCE, WITH PRINCESS MARY, SPENDS A HAPPY BIRTHDAY WITH A THOUSAND POOR CHILDREN IN EPPING FOREST: GUESTS OF THE FRESH AIR FUND.

The Prince of Wales celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday by spending it with a thousand poor children, the guests of the Fresh Air Fund, in Epping Forest. The little ones were delighted to see him, and the Prince himself entered whole-heartedly into their games. Sir Arthur Pearson, who is seen next to the Prince on the left in the picture, received him, and he was accompanied by Princess Mary, who is seen to the right of her brother. Their Royal Highnesses seemed to enjoy themselves as much as anybody; in fact, the Prince told the children before he left that his visit had been the best birthday present he had ever

received. The intention was that no difference should be made between this and any other Fresh Air Fund programme—that the Prince should see a normal entertainment. But, as so often happens, the great public had not been sufficiently reckoned with. Fathers, mothers, children, babies and perambulators, when the news that the Prince was coming had got abroad, flocked to the forest in great force, and there was also a whole host of photographers. As the royal party were leaving, 500 boys and girls from Loughton sang "God Save the King."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

**I**N the auction room, "Sold by the direction of the Executors" is a technical rendering of *Vanitas vanitatum*, where Death,

that greatest collector of all, has put an end to things. This is the natural order; generation follows generation of collectors. But a new phase, owing to the altered state of affairs, is the continuous stream of collections coming under the hammer during the lifetime of their owners; nor is this a matter of seizing the moment, it is a matter of necessity. Never has there been so suddenly thrown upon the market such a plethora of hall-marked works of art, and at a time when prices remain flat except for examples undoubtedly superlative in character.

Old oak furniture and woodwork appeal to the Englishman. It is as English as his silver plate, and many a squire nowadays has little else to offer to the melting-pot of profiteering. At Christie's on June 23, there was much to tempt the collector. Gothic oak chests require intimate connoisseurship. Here they were offered in abundance, caviare to the general collector, but precious to the elect, who know the alluring qualities of English fifteenth- and sixteenth-century woodwork with its delicate Gothic tracery. England is becoming like modern Italy, a happy hunting-ground for those with the *flair* for the right thing. Old English homes are not collections of furniture. The former owners bought in the days of Queen Anne, or in the early Georgian period; successive generations, as changing fashions dictated, added Chippendale or Sheraton or other pieces, and they purchased from the contemporary makers. There is at Harewood House, the seat of the Lascelles family, the invoice of Thomas Chippendale, still treasured in the drawer of the bookcase he made in 1760.

At the sale of objects of vertu and antiquities, the property of the late fifth Earl of Ashburnham, on June 28 by Messrs. Christie, a silver-and-gilt ring, with octagonal head, bore the inscription "Oliver Goldsmith to Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1761." This was an interesting item adding a link to our knowledge of the friendship between these two literary men. Goldsmith was then thirty-three years old, and had removed to Wine Office Court. The poet gave a supper on May 31, 1761, in honour of Johnson, who was to pay him his first visit. It is recorded that Percy, who called to take up Dr. Johnson, found him without his rusty brown suit, his soiled shirt, his unbuckled shoes, and his shrivelled, unpowdered wig. He had a new suit of clothes and a new wig nicely powdered. The transformation was explained by the Doctor: "Why, Sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." This is our only record connected with that memorable supper. It had no Boswell as historian; but this ring coming under the hammer was undoubtedly the tribute the host paid to the great lexicographer.

On July 1, pictures by Old Masters came up at Christie's, the property of the fifth Marquess of Hertford, deceased, and removed from Ragley Hall, and of the Hon. Mrs. E. M. Trollope; and early English portraits and other pictures from other sources. Two interesting Van Dycks were offered, one the portrait of Penelope, Countess of Pembroke, in

blue dress with grey scarf, from the Blenheim Palace collection; and the other a portrait of Margaret Smith, daughter and heiress of Thomas Smith, who married first Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, and secondly Sir Edward Herbert, Attorney-General. A Reynolds portrait represented

in the American War of Independence. He sent many of his tenants to America, and they founded the town of Thorold, twelve miles from Niagara on the Canadian side. Gilbert Stuart, whose portrait of Washington is well known, had the portrait of Mrs. Dolly Madison (wife of James Madison, President of the United States), in mauve silk dress, with white fichu, holding a letter. From Abbotsford came a fine Raeburn, the portrait of Robert Scott, the brother of the great novelist. This formerly belonged to Sir Walter Scott.

Messrs. Christie, on the 5th, are selling, by order of Colonel H. Cary Batten, the collection of armour formed by the late John Beardmore. Many of the examples were on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and they come with a fine reputation. A "Gonne" shield of wood, plated with twelve steel plates, is English about 1520. It has its breech-loading matchlock or pistol, and its peep-hole. A remarkably fine suit of English armour, about 1580, was probably made at Greenwich in that great school of armourers which began in the early years of the sixteenth, and continued till the middle of the seventeenth century, of which Jacob the armourer, at the end of the sixteenth century, was the leading exponent. But armourers' marks were eschewed by the Greenwich school, hence difficulty arises in affixing exact date. It is to be hoped that the gems of this fine collection will find champions to compete with foreign buyers. We cannot afford to part with these relics of the ancient days of chivalry, unless indeed, to quote Burke, "the age of chivalry has gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded."

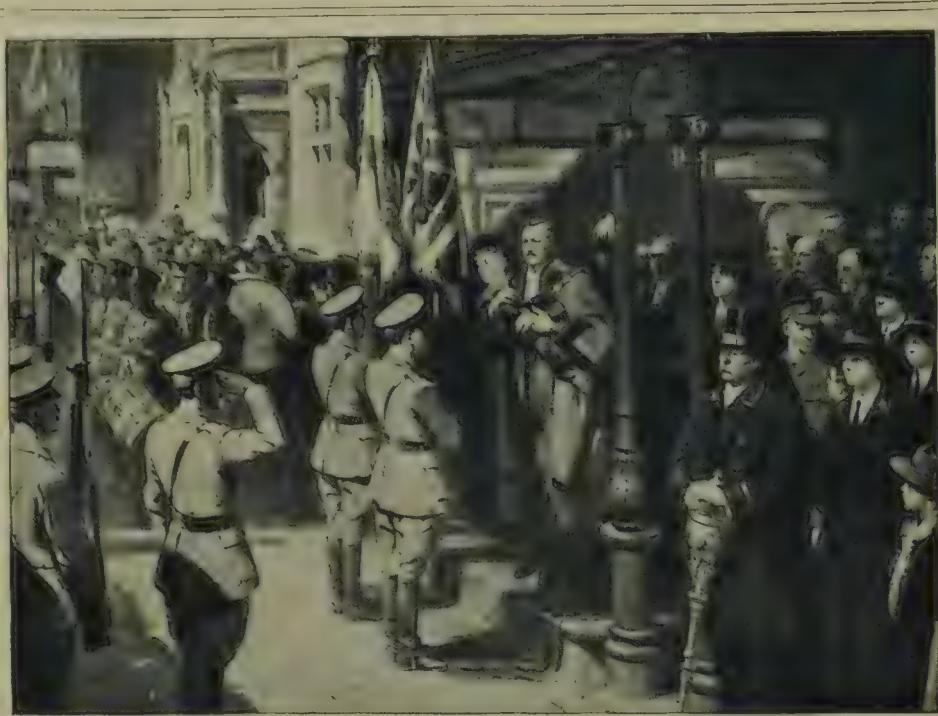
The late Lord Northwick's collection of drawings by Old Masters comes up at Sotheby's on the 5th and 6th, together with another property, including a fine series of drawings of marine subjects by Willem van de Velde, the younger.

From Clumber come some famous art treasures of the Duke of Newcastle, to be sold on the 7th, at Christie's. The silver-gilt plate offers choice examples of William III. tazze and side-board dishes, and a monteith bears the early hall-mark, 1699. The Limoges enamel and the Italian majolica are outstanding features which stamp the dispersal as of intense artistic importance, and big prices are expected to be realised. A magnificent Limoges enamel rose-water ewer, painted with two friezes of figure subjects, one depicting a procession of amorini, with a chariot drawn by goats, and the other figures leading oxen to sacrifice, is by that great craftsman Jean Courtois. In 1912, 4000 guineas was given for a Jean Courtois candlestick. A triptych depicts the Virgin with the dead Christ, and there are an oblong plaque by the same artist, Penicaud, "The Raising of Lazarus," and a glorious Limoges enamel oval dish, with Scriptural subjects, by Jean Raymond. These are some of the outstanding items from a fine collection, and there are melancholy memories in regard to its dispersal, remnants of the vast and lordly Hope collection, treasures collected by a great family for



PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: MILLAIS'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. LOUISE JOPLING, NOW IN THE EXHIBITION AT KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.

An exhibition of remarkable interest, organised by the Kensington Committee of Civic Art, and opened by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is on view (until July 23) at Kensington Town Hall. It contains works of past artists connected with the Royal Borough, including Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Watts, Leighton, and others. The paintings, being owned by private collectors, are rarely seen in public. The above portrait by Millais was lent by Mrs. Jopling-Rowe.



A WAR MEMORIAL PICTURE PRESENTED TO KENSINGTON TOWN HALL BY SIR WILLIAM DAVISON, M.P.: "THE COLOURS OF THE KENSINGTONS," BY FRED ROE.

Sir William Davison, M.P., who was for four years Mayor of Kensington, arranged to present this picture to the Town Hall on June 28. It shows the handing in of the Kensingtons' Colours (worked by Princess Louise) for safe keeping while the regiment was at war. In it are seen (from left to right) General Lewis, Col. Stafford and Col. Campbell with the Colours, Princess Louise, Sir William Davison (then Mayor), and (beyond the right-hand pillar) Lady Davison, Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., and Dr. A. J. Rice-Oxley, the present Mayor of Kensington.

Sir John Thorold, and came from the collection of the late Bishop Thorold of Winchester. He was M.P. for Lincoln, and one of Fox's minority of seven who voted against the taxes which resulted

over a century, which have left a thrilling record in the sale rooms of a past generation—and here are further reminders of what once was one of the richest private collections in the world

## A DANGER TO FRANCO-SPANISH PEACE: TANGIER—A “NO-MAN’S LAND.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS.



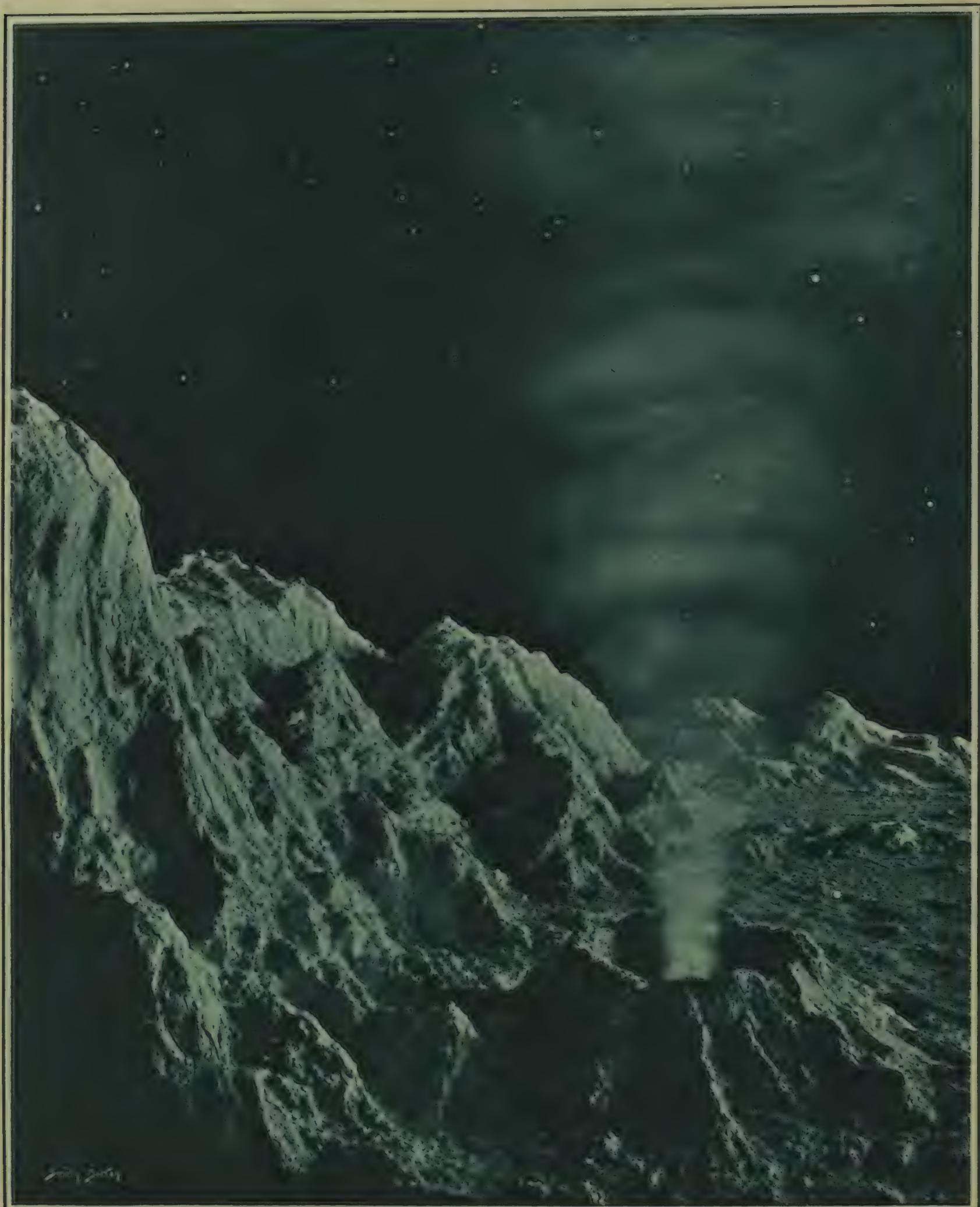
AN AFRICAN PORT WHERE THE INTERESTS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN CONFLICT: 1 AND 3, THE FONDAK, TANGIER. 2, TANGIER FROM THE SHORE. 4 AND 6, SCENES IN THE MARKET-PLACE. 5, TANGIER FROM THE SEA. 7 AND 9, STREET SCENES. 8, MOROCCAN WOMEN.

The political situation in Tangier has long been unsatisfactory. The conflicting interests of France and Spain there are a danger to peace, and there is constant friction and distrust among the various representatives struggling for predominance. Only about three months ago an outbreak of hostilities was hardy averted, and the need of a settlement is urgent. The claims of France are based on the fact that the Sultan of Morocco, the Suzerain of Tangier, is under her protection; the Spaniards claim it as being surrounded by their zone in Northern Morocco,

the northern coastal strip allotted to Spain in 1912, when the French obtained their protectorate over Southern Morocco. “Tangier,” writes Mr. Ward Price, “was put on one side to be shared under a complicated scheme of international control known as the Tangier Statutes. We signed these and so did the French, but the war started before the Spanish signed, and they did not care to commit themselves. Thus it happens that Tangier still remains a No Man’s Land.” Meanwhile, the prosperity of the port has greatly decreased.

## THE MOON NOT DEAD: A REVOLUTION IN ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL, CONSTRUCTED FROM TELESCOPIC OBSERVATION BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



"THE ERUPTIVE FORCE IS COMPARABLE TO THAT OF VESUVIUS WHEN DISPLAYING MAXIMUM ACTIVITY": VOLCANIC PHENOMENA OBSERVED ON THE MOON—A CRATERLET ON THE WESTERN EDGE OF THE GREAT PLATO PLAIN.

**M**R. SCRIVEN BOLTON writes: "For a century the notion has been held that our moon is physically dead. With increased telescopic power, however, and by an assiduous study of certain surface features, our views to-day are practically revolutionised. For this enhanced knowledge we are indebted chiefly to Professor W. H. Pickering, whose observations have been conducted in the world's most suitable climates, notably at Arequipa and Jamaica, 16 deg. and 18 deg. N. of the Equator respectively. We are safe in inferring that, in prehistoric ages, volcanic activity prevailed on an unprecedented scale on the moon, as is evidenced by the thousands

upon thousands of circular formations scattered broadcast over its surface, which are believed to be of purely volcanic origin, and most of them extinct volcanoes. An instance of seeming activity was first recorded in the crater Linné. This crater was seen by Riccioli in 1651 to be of moderate dimensions. Schroeter, in 1788, reported it as representing "a very small, round, brilliant white spot, containing a somewhat uncertain depression." In 1810, Lohrmann found Linné to be a very deep crater, and over four miles in diameter. Some years later Maedler measured its diameter, and found it to be six miles, and very distinct. This was

*[Continued opposite.]*

## VOLCANIC ACTIVITY ON THE MOON: A REGION OF INCESSANT CHANGE.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL CONSTRUCTED FROM TELESCOPIC OBSERVATION BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



“NOT IMPROBABLY STREAMS OF GAS ISSUING FROM VOLCANIC VENTS”: TYPICAL CRATERLETS ON THE NORTH-EAST BORDER OF THE GREAT PLATO PLAIN ON THE MOON'S SURFACE.

*[Continued.]*

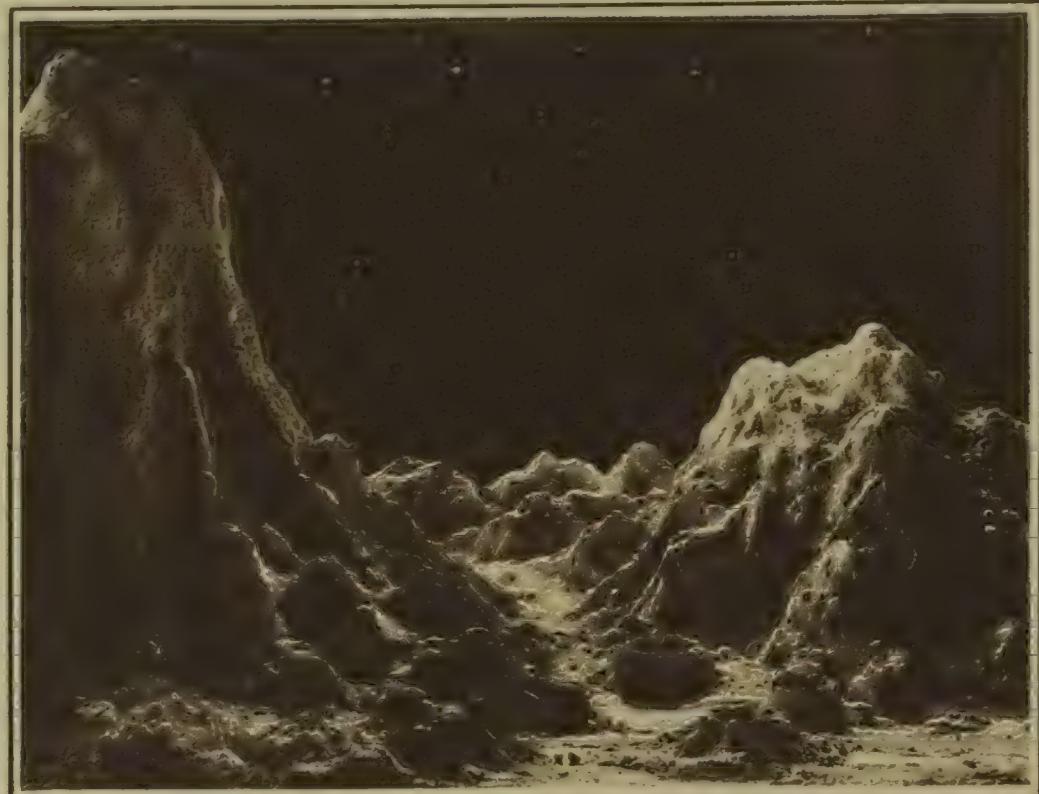
confirmed by Schmidt in 1843, who, however, in 1866, announced that Linné had disappeared entirely from view, its place being occupied by a hazy patch of light. In the following year he observed that the site was represented by a small crater only a quarter of a mile in diameter, which gradually increased to a mile and a-half. To-day, Linné is visible as a crater three-quarters of a mile across, and its size is apparently shrinking. A region of the moon which has perhaps been studied more than any other is what is known as the circular plain called Plato, about sixty miles in diameter, which is strewn with small volcanic craterlets and cones, ranging in size

from a mile to about one hundred yards. The accumulation of observations shows conclusively that incessant changes are here in constant progress. These craterlets exhibit a curious and irregular variation in size and visibility. A continuous scrutiny of the relative visibility and order of prominence of the craterlets has shown that but one-half their number are as a rule visible. The invisible ones are obscured by a white cloud which hovers over them, and as this is gradually dissipated they again appear distinct and normal. At least one of these craterlets has been formed since Professor Pickering began his observations.” *[Continued on next page]*

## SNOW AND ICE ON THE MOON: NEW EVIDENCE OF ATMOSPHERE.

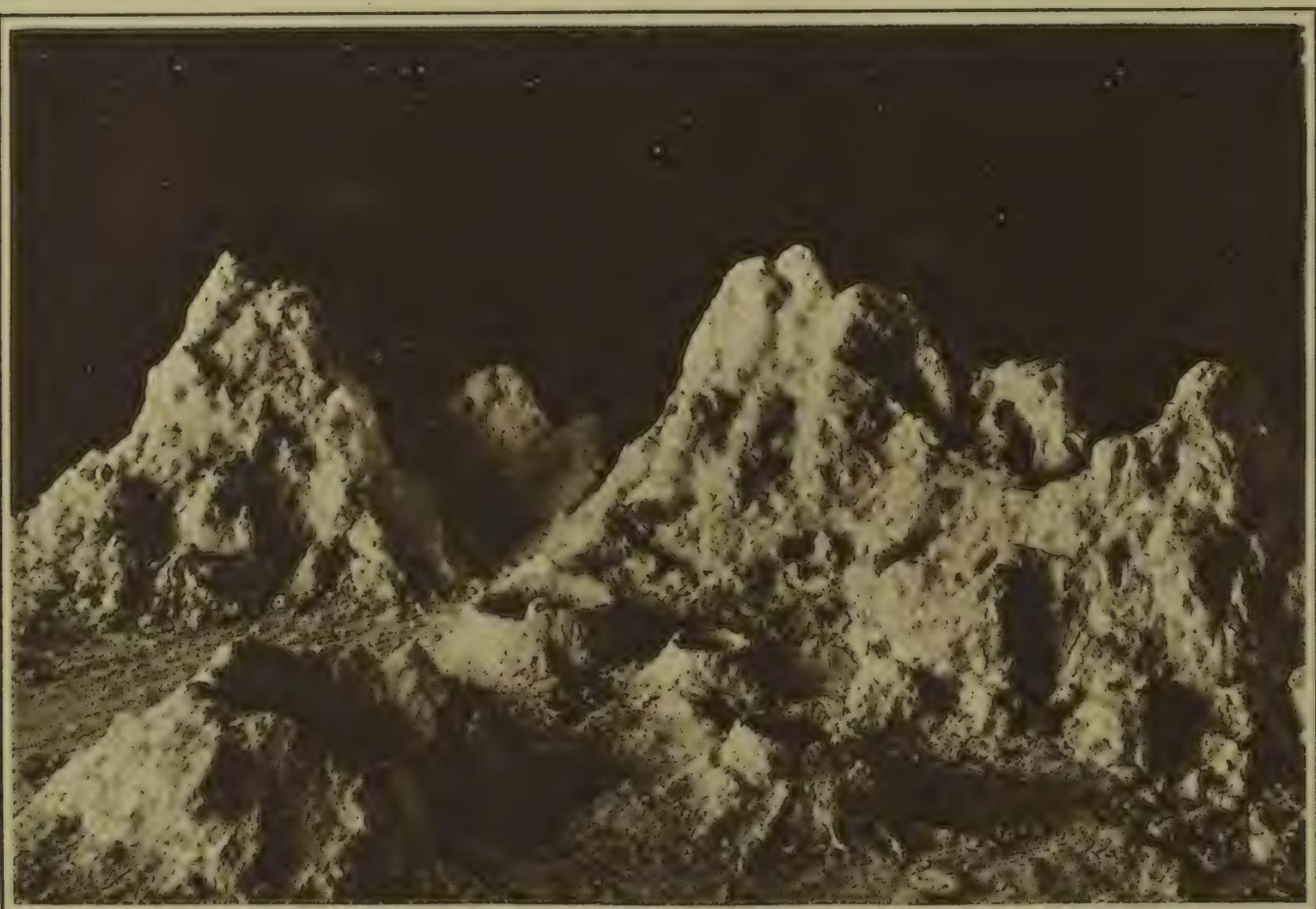
PHOTOGRAPHS OF MODELS CONSTRUCTED FROM TELESCOPIC OBSERVATION BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.

CONTINUING his article, begun on the preceding two pages in this number, Mr. Scriven Bolton writes: "Professor Pickering has made a significant discovery in the region known as Schroeter's Valley, where the conditions at certain times of the lunar day resemble an active terrestrial volcano. Dense clouds apparently issue from the valley and roll away to the adjacent plain. The eruptive force here is comparable to that of Vesuvius when displaying maximum activity. These cloud masses from Schroeter's Valley and the Plato craterlets are not improbably streams of gas issuing from volcanic vents and from surface

*[Continued opposite.]*

BELIEVED TO BE A REGION OF ICE AND SNOW IN THE MOON: A MODEL OF LUNAR SCENERY AT THE BASE OF THE GREAT CRATER, ARISTILLUS.

*Continued.]*  
fissures. Mingled with ice crystals they might form actual clouds in the atmosphere. The density of the lunar atmosphere a mile or two above the surface probably does not exceed a ten-thousandth part that of our own, although in the low-lying regions it is undoubtedly more dense. In substantiating the theory of water-vapour in the lunar atmosphere, Professor Pickering finds evidence of the existence of a low form of vegetation on the plains, valleys, and slopes of mountains. The white substance seen covering mountains and elevated regions he justly attributes to ice and hoarfrost. The gas probably ejected by the volcanoes

*[Continued below.]*

WHERE A FALL OF SNOW ON THE MOON PROBABLY OCCURRED ABOUT FEBRUARY 20: THE REGION SOUTH-WEST OF THE LUNAR APENNINES, SHOWING THE SUDDEN WHITE DEPOSIT OBSERVED BY PROFESSOR PICKERING AND SIR W. H. M. CHRISTIE.

*Continued.]*

is believed to be carbonic acid and water-vapour, as in the case of terrestrial volcanoes; while a major portion of the lunar globe is covered by ice. Photographs of the full moon show the peculiar brilliancy of the lunar poles, attributed to the deposition of ice. In February last, Sir W. H. M. Christie, late Astronomer Royal, paid a visit to Professor Pickering at the Harvard College Observatory, Jamaica, and verified, with the 11-inch Draper refractor, the remarkable lunar changes discovered by Professor Pickering. A conspicuous extension of the Apennine Range seen on February 21 and 22 evidently indicated a fresh fall of snow a few days earlier. The aspect of the end of this range on February 26 indicated a melting of the snow

shortly after the lunar noon. To sum up—our increasing knowledge, based upon the splendid work of Professor Pickering and many world-renowned astronomers, leads us to regard our satellite as still retaining and sharing with the Earth certain primitive characteristics. Rather than being a dead world, physically, its inherent heat would still appear to create volcanic force; and it would seem that its gaseous envelope, though invisible, is capable of sustaining a low form of vegetation, and causing a deposition of ice and snow. Professor Pickering is now on a visit to this country, and we accordingly hope to hear more about this fascinating subject."

## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.



I HAVE just come back from Brussels, and when I reached the dear land of England I felt as one who, instead of traps, carried baskets of laurels for British art and artists. For all Brussels, and also Antwerp, were talking of the English players, of the glorious week of the "Old Vic." of the sold-out houses to listen to Shakespeare, of the impossibility of getting seats, of the be-jewelled ladies in the gallery, of the King and Queen honouring Miss Bayliss and her company with their presence, of the wonderful Hamlet of Ernest Milton (which, in the voice of people present, was akin to a revelation), and of Leon M. Lion and the Garrick Company's triumph with "Count X," which, in the spirit of *entente cordiale*, we brought over just as a little preface to greater things to come. There is no doubt about it; there is no dissentient voice; English art goes to the heart of the Brussels people, and in that great city of commerce, Antwerp, where we first piloted our little crew, there was such enthusiasm that it even astonished the members of the British colony which crowded out the house. In the words of Mr. Alfred Garner, that live-wire representative of the old house of W. H. Smith and Sons—of whom one can say what the Flemish said of their great Henri Conscience: "He taught his people to read" (for Alfred Garner floods Belgium with English books, good and cheap)—in his words we heard the true ring. When I consulted him as to further British dramatic expeditions to the principal cities of our Belgian allies, he said: "Come and come again; I will look after you, and you will gather both money and fame." "Money is a minor question," I answered, "but the fair fame of the British drama and British acting, that is my Cause. We will come again, and, what is more, I will foot the bill. The next time it will be Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, and Pinero"; and when I said that the rest was easy. The representative of the firm of W. H. Smith will take the enterprise under his wing. The British Ambassador, Sir George Grahame—than whom no more gracious representative of Great Britain ever adorned the Embassy at Brussels (did not Sir George and his friend Mr. Brand Whitlock, the United States Ambassador, request me to foregather all the members of the Garrick Company on the stage so that they could compliment such "delightful people" personally, a unique occurrence in theatreland?—Sir George Grahame at once gave me his patronage, which means that Mr. Brand Whitlock will join hands with him. And when I came home I found a letter from the Belgian Ambassador in London, Baron Moncheur, promising that he, too, will support us with his name. Under such patronage, with such prospects, I have no fear that my Theatre of the "League of Nations" will not find a paved road for the even better understanding of friendly nations. More than that—it will send

forth in due course to all the Allies, to the neutrals of Spain, Holland, and Scandinavia—perhaps to some of the ex-enemies who have now



THE RETURN OF PAVLOVA: A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT DANCER, WHO ARRANGED TO APPEAR AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Mme. Anna Pavlova, the great Russian dancer, with her ballet, arranged to appear for one week at the Queen's Hall, beginning on June 27.

Photograph by Fenwick Cutting.

become friends—British dramatic art as a unit in the cause of universal brotherhood. To quote Mr. Brand Whitlock's words to Mrs. Grein, words which determined me to go ahead in my cause: "This visit is of greater importance than you can imagine."

I raise my hat to Irene Hentschel and Monica Ewer, and I lift my glass to Carl Hentschel, the spiritual father of the Playwrights' Theatre. It has just celebrated its first anniversary, and proud is the record—plays by Patrick McGill, by Mrs. Montagu, and now the one by Hugh Dalrymple, whose "East and West" is a clever firstling.

To pick from the wilderness of unacted plays three that would "mean and matter," is not only proof of the acumen of the directors, but evidence that managers can find plays, if they would only set about their business like ordinary commercial men, and not leave till to-morrow what might be done to-day.

"Mother Eve," for instance, by Mrs. Montagu, would, with modification, grace any West End bill; and Mr. Dalrymple's "East and West" (alias the aristocratic Socialist, re-aristocratised), despite much verbiage and repetition, contains so much good humour and dialogue that, at any rate in the provinces, it would have a prosperous career. Incidentally, it gave opportunities for good acting. Miss Cecile Byrne is an actress of temperament and personality, and should go far; Darby Foster is a convincing juvenile; and Margaret Hayman is another Mary Brough, full of humour and assurance.

I am sorry that I only read and did not hear Miss Irene Hentschel's speech, for its emphasis and brightness demonstrated the vitality of the young enterprise.

Years ago, a slender girl in a plain white frock and long black gloves sprang in one night from obscurity into fame. She was a girl from "Le Printemps"—one of the big emporiums of Paris, as every woman knows, and she brought spring-time, laughter, tears, the joy of living to her hearers. She does so still.

Yvette Guilbert has discarded the little white dress and the long black gloves; she has come to us panoplied in silks and satins; but her art, her genius, remains the same. She can break your heart or lift you to the skies. Church bells ring in her voice, visions of pious monks in procession rise up before your eyes; suddenly, hey, presto! the eternal feminine, mischievous, lovelorn, worldly-wise, or triumphant, thrills and enchants you. Satire, comedy, tragedy—Yvette Guilbert holds the secret of them all. She knows the misery of mean streets and the romance of the Middle Ages. Her heart and her mind are stored with wonderful knowledge; and, best of all—she knows how to give.

When you have heard Yvette Guilbert, you come away richer, gayer, wiser, and perhaps a little sadder—but oh, how infinitely grateful to a great artist for her royal gifts!



A BEAUTIFUL MEMBER OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: MME. TCHERNICHEVA.

Mme. Tchernicheva is famed alike for her beauty and her dancing, notably as Cleopatra and Thamar, in which latter rôle she recently appeared for the first time this season.—[Photograph by Fenwick Cutting.]

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

"BACK TO ME-  
THUSELAH"  
onstable; 10s. net), by  
ernard Shaw, is sub-titled  
"Metabiological Penta-  
ch," and it would seem

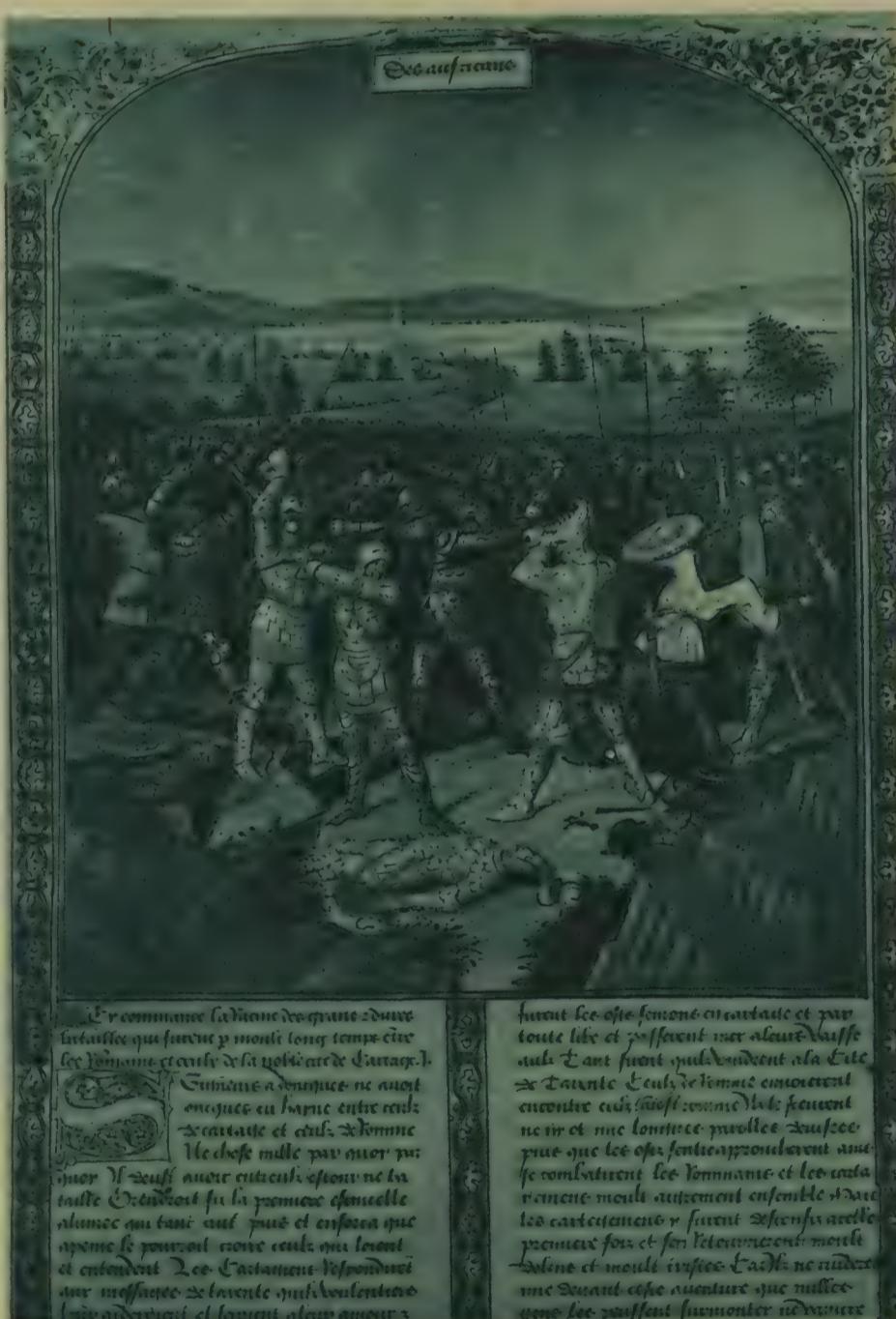
to be intended for the first section of the new Bible which has been prescribed by Mr. H. G. Wells (who, none the less, may feel a little hurt at his claim being jumped by a mere dramatist with a taste for predigested Schopenhauer and peptonised Nietzsche) as the only sure means for creating a world-state that would be a guarantee of everlasting peace. Mr. Shaw's Pentateuch consists of five dramatic discussions in which the life of mankind is presented at five different epochs: B.C. 4004, the Present Day, A.D. 2170, A.D. 3000, and A.D. 31,920. These curiously entertaining works remind me of the play, so distressing to certain old-fashioned critics, in which Mr. Shaw takes Doña Inez to Hell; and we learn *inter alia* that it is quite easy to go from Hell to Heaven or from Heaven to Hell; (Don Juan has already taken the upper road, but the statuesque Commander pays friendly calls to the Devil for light conversation), which is, of course, down-to-date eschatology—for are we not assured by ultra-modern clerics that Heaven and Hell are both states of the mind, and, presumably, as easily exchangeable as most of us find the moods of depression and of exaltation? I cannot remember much more about that particular Shavian masterpiece—except that, when I saw it, Miss Lillah McCarthy was a dark and exquisite figure in her Spanish garb of timeless allurement. But I remember enough to be sure that these five newly-published discussions are not in any sense closet-dramas, and that any enterprising stage society (say the *Phoenix*) would find it profitable to present acting versions of them. For, however you may criticise Mr. Shaw's action-plots or idea-plots, there can be no doubt whatever that his dialogue is always dramatic in the highest degree, flowing fresh and free and irresistible in its play of spontaneous wit and fancy across the footlights as Congreve's does or Wilde's. Ten years from now, I prophesy they will be giving this dramatic Pentateuch at some West-End theatre—with incidental music composed by the successors of Stravinski and Prokofief!

As you might have expected, Mr. Shaw is not content with writing a fragment of the new Bible. His delightful egoism is inexhaustible—he is like Bottom, who wanted to play all the parts in "Pyramus and Thisbe," or like the philosophic cricketer who, having played himself, suddenly discovered he was everything and everybody in the scene, including the Pavilion and the Pavilion cat. Necessarily and naturally, then, he provides the Higher Criticism required—in nearly ninety pages of philosophic explanation which deals faithfully with the Neo-Darwinians and other pestilential people and takes the bread out of the mouths of the higher critics as yet unborn and even unthinkable. I have read this introduction several times (grimly neglecting my journalistic duties in the meanwhile) and have discovered, to my sorrow, that Mr. Shaw has no gift for philosophy and is not even acquainted with the chief results of modern thought working in the borderlands of science.

The idea at the back of all his sloppy thinking and slapdash writing seems to be this—that by *willing* it we may sooner or later come to possess any attribute we choose, and possess it so as to transmit it to our descendants. He tries to be fair to Darwinism. When Napoleon was asked what would happen when he died, he said that Europe would express its relief with a great "Ouf!" He tells this story to illustrate the relief felt by everybody who had ever thought about it, when Darwin had killed the god who objected to chloroform as an interference with his divine arrangements for the pains of disease and, above all (as was explained in many sermons), for the pangs of childbed. So far, so good (I am trying to follow the Shavian argument), but Circumstantial Selection was an even worse bogey, since it "banished mind from the universe," as Samuel Butler said,

thus described in the second, which relates how the Brothers Barnabas came to the conclusion that the term of human life must be extended to at least three centuries: "When Adam had the Garden of Eden on a lease for ever, he took care to make it what the house agents call a highly desirable country residence. But the moment he invented death, and became a tenant for life only, the place was no longer worth the trouble." That was the first step of the Fall. But "Adam did not fall down that step only; he fell down a whole flight. For instance, before he invented birth, he dared not have lost his temper; for if he had killed Eve he would have been lonely and barren to all eternity. But when he invented birth, and anyone who was killed could be replaced, he could afford to let himself go. He undoubtedly invented wife-beating; and that was another step down." The first step to climbing back again to the lost felicity was, so to increase the average span of human life as to give the individual not only time to make profound improvements, but also a new set of virtues, such a cautious longsightedness which would prevent him from accepting a jerry-built civilisation. The matter is most amusingly discussed by Burge and Lubin, two characters in the second play who are perhaps too obviously Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith. They expect something in a bottle or a pill-box to be produced. The idea of Creative Evolution (here the Bergsonian begins to show in the Shavian mentality) is beyond them, and they are disgusted that they have wasted valuable time on cranks with the vague specific for the Millennium defined as follows: "We can put it into men's heads that there is nothing to prevent its happening but their own will to die before their work is done, and their own ignorance of the splendid work there is for them to do." And when the same speaker adds that it is impossible to say where or when or to whom the thing will first happen, it is not surprising that Burge and Lubin take or talk themselves off out of the room. But the thing does happen—and in 2170 A.D. we find ourselves listening to Burge-Lubin, a composite politician whose greeting to Confucius: "Well, illustrious Sage - and - Onions, how are your poor feet?" shows that the Shavian irreverence has not yet been eliminated from the cosmos. In 3000 A.D. and even in 31,920 A.D., when even stranger consequences have become manifest, we can still save ourselves from drowning in a sea of mysticism by clinging to Mr. Shaw as to a buoy that bobs up and down with bumptuous immobility.

Darwin, or the Neo-Darwinians, removed mind from the universe. Mr. Shaw has filled the gap with himself! He says his powers are waning, that the exuberance of 1901 has aged into the garrulity of 1921. But, as he clasps round him his robe of many colours, made out of scraps of all the philosophies that have ever been, it is clear he remains the incarnation of a cheek that is cosmical. Surely he will be chief jester to the sovereign leader who heads the host which, in M. Bergson's metaphor, is to capture the entrenchments of death in one final victorious mass offensive!



A SINGLE PAGE FROM AN ILLUMINATED MS. BOUGHT FOR £500 AT THE YATES THOMPSON SALE: "THE BATTLE OF CANNAE," ASCRIBED TO JEAN FOUCQUET.

The third sale of illuminated manuscripts and early printed books collected by Mr. H. Yates Thompson realised £18,024 at Sotheby's on June 22. The two previous sales, in 1919 and 1920, brought in all £130,325. The above drawing, bought for the Louvre by M. Charles Brunner, is the opening page of an account of the Punic War in a combined manuscript copy of Wauchier de Denain's "Histoire Ancienne jusqu' à César" and the "Faits des Romains," by an anonymous author. The full page measures 17½ by 13 in. It is one of four abstracted at some date from the volume, which itself has not been traced.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge.

and took the disposal of our future entirely out of our own control. I have already shown the weak point in this reasoning which may banish the individual mind from effective authority, but not necessarily Mind (of which your intellect and mine may be a part) as a *causa causans*. However, in his five dramatic discussions, Mr. Shaw shows what might happen if man used his will-power until he was able to live as long as Methuselah. In the first play, he gives a representation of the Fall (adroitly plotted by Eve's pretty pet snake), whereby man deliberately contracts out of immortality. What happened is

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FORCE OF THE FUTURE.

FOR the last fifty years, those men of science who were courageous enough to leave the beaten track of academic teaching have predicted that the age of coal was passing away, and that before long it would be superseded by a new motive force. Thus, Winwood Reade, writing in 1873, saw with clear vision three inventions which he declared would change the whole future of the human race; these three being the conquest of the air, the synthetic manufacture of food, and a motive force which would replace steam. In 1905, Dr. Gustave Le Bon, leaving for a time the field of psychology, in which he had

making of food still sticks in the wind, electricity is already ousting steam from its pride of place. Our tramways and underground railways have already been electrified, and the use of electricity instead of steam is common to all the overground suburban and short-distance railways which carry the greater part of the working population to their daily toil. That it will, in time, extend to long distance traffic, few will doubt, and that it will stretch also to journeys by sea as well as on land, is foreshadowed by the Admiralty already laying down an electrically-driven battle-ship. As to its use for industrial machinery, the London Borough of St. Pancras has just made a profit of £34,000 by a year's sale of the electricity it manufactures mainly for industrial purposes. If

inexhaustible; while the scientific world is fast coming round to the theory—first enunciated by Dr. Gustave Le Bon—that this "radio-activity," as it is called, is a quality common to all matter. Finally, Sir Joseph Thomson, in his lecture to the Royal Institution last month, took the plunge and boldly asserted that every chemical element, from uranium, which is the heaviest, down to hydrogen, the lightest, consists, on final analysis, of a positive electron, or unit of electricity, united with one or more negative ones.

If this is so, it follows that the manufacture of organic substances might be possible if—and it is a large if—we knew, as we do not at present, the exact nature of the difference between positive and negative electrons. All that we can say now about this is



THE KIND OF CRICKET GROUND WE NEED IN LONDON: ANZAC DAY CELEBRATIONS ON THE MELBOURNE GROUND, WHERE 25,000 TROOPS PARADED BEFORE A HUGE CONCOURSE OF SPECTATORS.

This photograph of the Anzac Day celebrations on the cricket ground at Melbourne is of special interest in view of the criticisms which have been passed on the inadequacy of the accommodation for spectators in the recent international Test Match at Lord's, and the insufficient arrangements. Melbourne, with its much smaller population, can boast a cricket ground accommodating three or four times as many spectators as Lord's, with a raised slope round the field, and scoring boards which not only give the name of each player and the score, but the bowler's analysis as well.

Photograph by W. G. Rae, Melbourne.

won renown, showed for the first time, by calculations which have never been impugned, that the amount of energy imprisoned within the atoms of a gramme of copper would, if liberated, be sufficient to haul a heavily-laden goods train one-and-a-quarter times round the earth's circumference. Both writers were agreed that the discoveries they foreshadowed would completely change the face of the civilised world, and would abolish the difference that at present exists between riches and poverty.

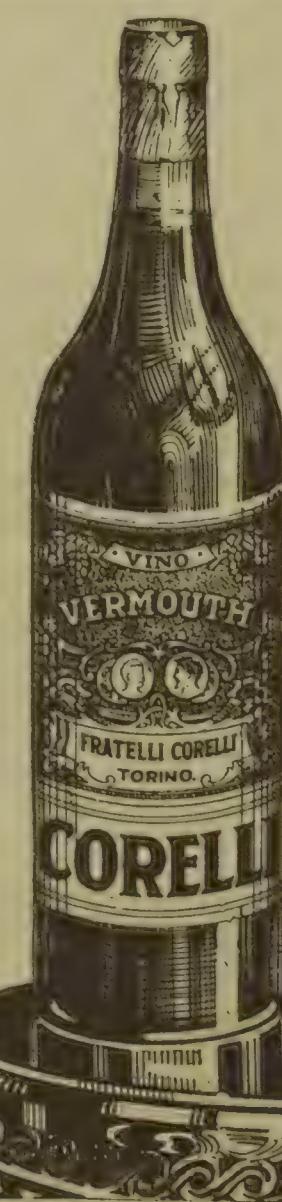
If, now, we enquire how far these millennial dreams have been fulfilled, we may well be astonished to notice how near they have come towards realisation. The conquest of the air has, as a literal fact, been completed during the war; and although—the German experiments notwithstanding—the artificial

other boroughs followed this example, there might be relief ahead for the over-burdened ratepayer.

This is the more striking because practice—as it often does—has outrun theory; and none of us who are using electricity every day have any clear idea of what electricity really is. Even in this respect, however, we have made some advance. The notion, current fifty years ago, that it was a form of energy, has long since been given up, and we now know that, although it is apparently without weight, it yet has inertia, and behaves generally as though it were a form of matter. We also know that the gradual disintegration of the atom which takes place spontaneously in a few very rare substances such as radium, produces it, in tiny doses indeed, but in such quantity as to make the supply practically

that the positive unit of electricity is about 1700 times bulkier than the negative, and that these last seem to arrange themselves within the atom in formations which seem to depend in some curious fashion on a law of octaves, the addition of an eighth electron always producing a marked change in the series. Yet it is possible that we may be near a solution of this problem also, and when we have got to it, the synthesis of food should be possible. As for the transmutation of one element into another, such as lead into gold, that will probably be a matter of everyday occurrence when we discover the way of expediting and retarding the disintegration of the atom, which already takes place under our noses in the case of radium. Are we near to this also? *Qui vivra verra.*

F. L.



## The Continental Fashion

**I**N Italy, as elsewhere on the Continent, Vermouth is enjoyed in *wine glasses*. Here in Great Britain, for some inexplicable reason, Vermouth is frequently served in *liqueur* glasses. That practice (which is entirely wrong) deprives the Briton of much of the pleasure and beneficial effects following the consumption of Italy's national beverage.

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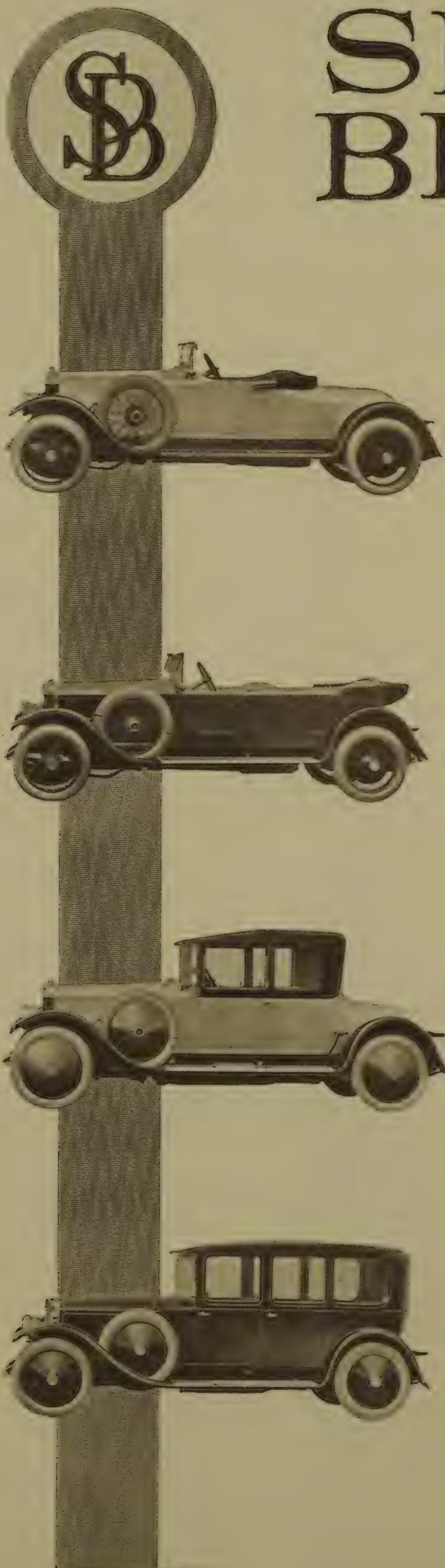
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## LADIES' NEWS.

WE appear, by law of contrast, to have reached giddy heights of gaiety recently. What with super-polo at Hurlingham, super-horses at the International Show, several balls—one attended by the Heir Apparent, the King of Spain, and other royal personages—the return of the King and Queen from what we all regarded as a dangerous duty in Ulster, and the looking forward to the State visit next week of the King and Queen of the Belgians—we have almost forgotten the miners who won't mine, and believe ourselves really to be rather rushed, don't you know!—which was our normal London season feeling from May to July. The polo at Hurlingham was a whirlwind sort of gasping-with-excitement business, and if anyone blames American onlookers for letting themselves go, and shouting over the splendid doings of their men and ponies, why, they are not good sports-people. I found myself screaming, "Oh, good hit!" over and over again, when one of the great four did some wonderful stroke. Of course, I got more excited over our own men's fine strokes, but alas! I did not have to do it so often. Our British motto, Let the best players win, and give them every credit, holds good, and no one more thoroughly carried it out than our own four British players. The aftermath of war has not yet moved off our sports, but it will.

The win of a British officer and a British horse of King George the Fifth's gold cup for jumping, heartened us no end at the Horse Show. The Queen looked very delighted, and so did the King, while Princess Mary followed all the jumping with keen interest, and was very apparently delighted with the English win. The Queen looked very handsome in silver grey. King Alfonso sat on one side of her Majesty, and Lord Lonsdale leaned forward at the other, and evidently acted as showman of competitors and their points. I could not help enjoying the sight of the horses who eyed the brick wall, and then proceeded to knock it down, as horses who should say "We aren't going to trouble to jump your toy bricks!" That they could have done it they proved over other jumps, more like real gates and fences.

Many people are coming to town for the one week's great sale at Harrods, beginning on Monday. There is no doubt that this sale is known as an opportunity to secure the very best of everything at the

most favourable possible prices, and that therefore wise people combine business with pleasure, and come to town for it. From July 4

to 9 is a nice time to be here, and Harrods sell off during that time only their own things, which are the finest, each in its way, possible to secure. The prices at this sale are on a pre-war basis. A dress, illustrated in this page, is very attractive, beautifully made, and of taffeta, in navy blue, nigger brown, and black, the price is 65s. 9d. That is just one small example of thousands of good bargains which are real, because the things are good, and will prove themselves to be so. The remnant day is Friday, on which women possessed of clever heads and fingers will pick up really beautiful materials at ridiculously easy prices.

Does anyone want to know all about the now fashionable jade amulets? It is a very fascinating subject, as jade is a fascinating stone. Liberty's, a firm closely connected with Orientalism, have produced a delightful booklet called "Jade Amulets," giving coloured illustrations and interpretations of the most characteristic forms. Lots of women wear jade amulets without knowing anything about them. Liberty's booklet is a guide to these favourite things which imparts to them much greater interest and value. Any reader can secure a free copy by writing to Liberty's, Regent Street.

What a pity it seems that life affords us only limited opportunities for going into newly done up houses to live! The experience is so delightful; particularly is this the case when all the walls and ceilings have been treated with Morse's distemper specialities. So artistic, so fresh, so harmonious, and so hygienic are they that they raise one's spirits, and one's joy in living is increased. How we ever lived happily without them I cannot comprehend. There are sixty different shades in stock of Morse's Calcarium and Fresco specialities. The former is a sanitary washable distemper; the latter is not washable, but is hard drying, durable, and does not rub; one buys it in dry powder, mixes it with water, and finds it has great covering power. In order to appreciate how interior house decoration can be done with these distempers, Morse's have produced a booklet called "The Art of House Decoration," which any reader of *The Illustrated London News* can secure by mentioning the paper and writing for it to A. T. Morse, Sons, and Co., Upper Road and Grange Road, Plaistow, E. The firm's snow-white Japan superfine enamels, varnish oil paint, and perfect oil paint are delightful. Despite all the advantages of Morse's distempers, the result of forty-five years' experience in manufacture, the prices are moderate.

A. E. L.



THE CHARM OF TAFFETAS.

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Simply Perfection.  
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LIFE-TIME IT MUST BE SEIZED DURING THE  
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Let Field's Solid Brilliantine give the "crowning" touches to your appearance. It effectively controls the hair without giving a plastered effect, and is pleasingly yet unobtrusively perfumed. Its handy form makes its use clean and economical and easy to apply.

Field's  
FLEUR-DE-LYS,  
Solid Brilliantine

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Daintily perfumed with Attar of Roses.

The series with the black and gold diamonds.

## A CRADLE OF THE ENTENTE.

THE people of Dieppe like to claim for their "Twin City"—old and very modern—that it is the cradle of the Entente. Even if the article should be less definite, it matters not at all. The chief point is that they recognise that their country

Golf is in full swing. And, what is still more, the Hôtel Royal, freed from war-work, has thrown wide its doors to prove that British organisation, combined with French chefs and service, comes not short of perfection, and must dispossess the Germans and the Austrians of the undoubted hold they had before the war on the catering of Europe.

To particularise: there is everything to commend the travelling Briton to Dieppe. He is assured of a hearty welcome. The London and Brighton and South Coast Railway's service is all that could be desired, even in these difficult times and, of course, continues to Paris for those going farther afield. The Hôtel Royal will satisfy the most fastidious, and is renowned for cuisine and comfort. The hard courts are responsible for many a well-fought set. The district round about—

notably Arques la Bataille, its ruins and its forest, and Martin - Eglise

is delightful for walking or motoring. The Casino offers with lavish hand the attractions already men-

tioned, and is a great centre of social life—"Prix d'entrée, timbre compris, 2 fr. 50; Enfants et Sous-officiers, 1 fr. 50." As for the golf, the course must be seen and played on to be believed. It is seaside and inland in one. Cross the road from the cliffs, with their picturesque and sporting holes and their Channel views and there, on the other side, you have holes equally attractive—there are twenty-seven, in all—with splendidly kept greens, and sights of beautiful country beyond. In fact, a really good, exciting, yet not too difficult, Simpson and Fowler, with a bogey of eighty for the eighteen holes. Matches open to members of all recognised clubs are well in evidence. The non-golfer can play lawn-tennis on grass courts.

And, while on sport, it should be recalled that Dieppe boasts a capital race-course, with events set down at present for eight days in August and three in September.

As to the city itself, the walk along the promenade and spacious lawns is very popular with visitors; the shopping is good; and there are the old castle, with the Tours aux Crabs and the Porte du Port d'Ouest, to see; and also the architecturally interesting Church of St. Jacques, which, restored rather over forty years ago, shows styles from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries; and the Church of St. Rémi (1522-40), restored in 1693. As a whole, however, Dieppe caters for the man and woman of to-day, and does it very well. Certainly it is a place at which to make holiday—with the Royal as headquarters.

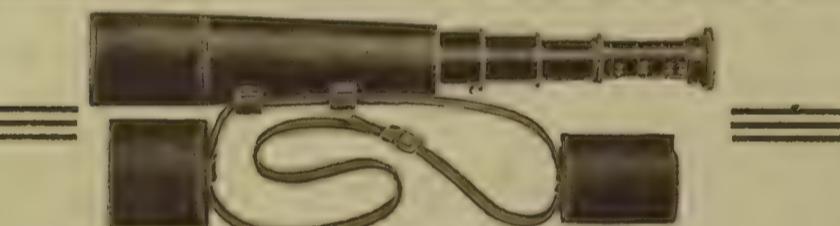
At modern dinners guests are seldom offered those old and heavy crusted ports which were so much beloved by our grandfathers half-a-century ago.

AN IDEAL HEADQUARTERS FOR A SUMMER HOLIDAY: THE HOTEL ROYAL AT DIEPPE, A MEETING-PLACE OF THE ÉLITE.

has made an alliance conjugale with ours; that Father England and Mother France are happily married, and that Amiité, the infant of the union, is a credit to both parents, and to be an enduring link. On occasion, there may be a little family squabble as to details of household management: it is "made up" with ease. The child may cry now and again; but it is not in temper; merely to show that it has strength of lungs.

All of which is to say that Dieppe, so near to England and so readily reached, is determined to do all that in it lies to show her friendliness to her Allies across the Channel.

Interchange of visits has begun early this year; but not too early, be it noted. It should be realised at once that Dieppe is already her smiling self. The Casino is open, with its *Boûle* and its baccarat, its charming grounds, its dancing, and its excellent concerts. The *cabines* are ready for bathers. Tennis has started. Theatre and cinema are entertaining.



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HIGH POWER TELESCOPES  
For Game-shooting. Deer-stalking. Astronomical, Marine and General Use.

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These Telescopes are made up from parts left over from our War contracts for the Ministry of Munitions.

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During the late summer and early autumn, the hogs, from which these delicious Hams are produced, are allowed to roam in the woods, feeding on windfalls from the trees.

In the late autumn they are turned into Pea Nut Patches and eat the nuts remaining on the vines, and are slaughtered in December.

Curing by the genuine Smithfield formula, and smoked from Applewood sawdust, brings out a delicacy of flavour only found in NUTTACORN HAMS, whilst the meat remains in perfect condition for several years.

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22 & 24, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 1  
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Purveyors of all kinds of Hams and Provisions

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Wicker Bath Chairs for extreme  
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PRICES.  
BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-  
Every Razor is packed in a Case.  
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This bonny little girl was brought up entirely on Savory & Moore's Food, and is a good example of the health and happiness enjoyed by children who are reared on the food in infancy.

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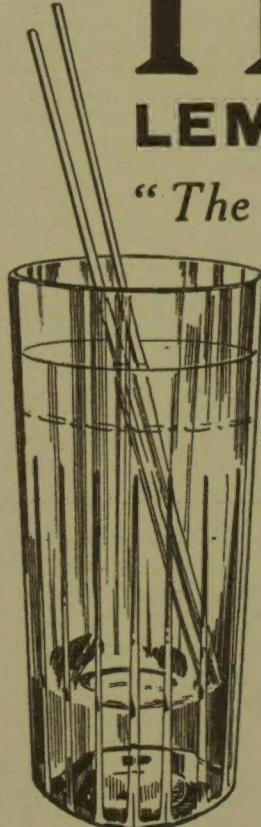
Are you worried by eczema which tortures you all day and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough, or cracked? Is there an irritating rash on your back or chest? Have you had a bad place on your leg for a long time? Antexema stops the irritation, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, insect bites, sunburn, and all irritated, inflamed, or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, and every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a creamy liquid which is invisible on the skin.

Antexema gives relief and quickly cures every skin illness.

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Two straws  
and a glass of  
**IDRIS**  
**LEMON SQUASH**  
"The World's Refresher"

—there's the finest  
drink for all seasons.

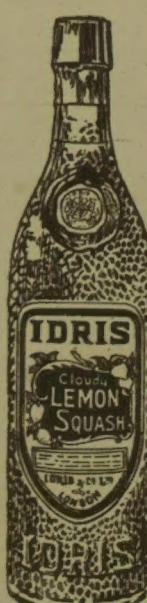


"Sucking cider thro' a straw" is not comparable with drinking IDRIS Lemon Squash, either through a straw or direct from the glass.

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## No more Ugly Ears

The Claxton Ear-Cap quickly corrects any tendency to outstanding ears. Let your child wear it in the nursery, and during sleep, and thus save disfigurement in after life. Easy and comfortable in wear. Keeps hair from tangling during sleep, and promotes breathing through the nose. The Claxton Ear-Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are soft and pliable. Sold by all leading Department Stores and Drapers, also by Chemists. Note the name CLAXTON (the original and only genuine); scientifically made in 21 sizes. Mercerized, 5s.; Pink Silk de Luxe, 10s. 6d. Send following measurements: Round head, just above ears, and across head from lobe to lobe. I. L. Claxton, The Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Taxation and Roads.

According to a statement made by the Minister of Transport, in reply to a question in the House recently, the total sum taken out of the pockets of the motorist during the current year amounts already to some eight-and-a-quarter millions sterling. It will be much more before the year ends, since the records are not complete and there still remain two full quarters during which licenses will have to be taken out by those who pay quarterly and by the purchasers of new cars. This will mean at least another two millions, so that we shall have contributed no less than some ten-and-a-half millions to the roads during a year of unexampled trade depression, when nobody's income was anything like it was when the new taxation was projected. If any argument were needed, beyond the ones which have already been adduced by opponents of special motor taxation, to prove the unfairness, and even immorality, of the present system, I think it is amply supplied by the figures I have quoted. This money is ostensibly being raised in order to put the roads into proper condition to carry the traffic of the times. Yet, although nearly nine millions have been raised from the motorist alone, the grants made from the Road Fund amount only to some two-and-a-quarter millions. True, the Minister of Transport says that before the end of the year these grants will amount to eleven millions—almost the exact sum which will be yielded by the motor taxes. To the mere road-user who pays anything above pre-war third-class railway fare for the simple privilege of using his car at all, it seems that there is something wrong with the administration of the Road Fund. Whatever is happening to the money, it is certainly not being used to bring about the road millennium. Our main roads are like corrugated iron as to their surface, and the wonder is that our cars do not fall to pieces out of hand as a protest against being driven over such ways. Even patching operations are few and far between; while as to re-surfacing, I have not come across any works of the kind in some thousands of miles of travel. What is holding up the allocation of the Road Fund? Is it red tape, or what?

**The Post-War 25-50-h.p. Talbot.** It is, I think, possible to say that there are now no longer any bad cars. All those which could be properly so described fell by the wayside years ago; and though there were some post-war designs which tried hard to qualify for the epithet, these were so rapidly discovered for what they were that they may be said never to have come into practical existence. If this be true, that there are no bad

in the hour—but I make out the new model to be even better. Like all the Talbots, it is a very fast car with a more than ample reserve of engine-power. Nor is its speed obtained by the pernicious practice of over-gearing, so that its pace is accompanied by remarkably good hill-climbing performance when on "top." It would be difficult, even if it were necessary, to criticise any points of design or performance, for the very sufficient reason that the car did everything that was asked of it and did it very well indeed. Good as the pre-war "twenty-five-fifty" undoubtedly was, the new one is a distinct advance, the more so as I happen to know that several lessons gained by war experience have been taken to heart and the results applied to the design of the chassis. It is now, as ever, fit to lie in the line with the very best of the world's four-cylinder cars.

## Speed on the Road.

I am not at all sorry to see that questions have been asked in Parliament about certain correspondence, relative to speed on the road, which has recently appeared in one of the motoring journals. Even the Bench of Bishops exceeds the speed-limit and thereby breaks the law. Of course, a law which everybody breaks must of necessity be a bad law; but even if it is, it seems to me the height of foolishness to break out into print on the subject of by just how much one may have exceeded the limit on a particular journey. We know perfectly well that it is quite possible to make a long journey by car at an average speed of thirty miles an hour or more; but I say deliberately, that to do it one must "hog it" over a considerable

portion of the route. Therefore, if ever I find myself in such a hurry as to cover a two-hundred miles' trip in some six hours, I shall most certainly not call attention to myself by writing to the technical papers about it—or to any other. That sort of publicity does no good at all to the motorist. Quite the reverse. Nor do I see that it does any more good to the car used, since we know without it that any car of more than low power is good for such an average. Possibly, now that the matter of such publicity has been ventilated in the House, the speed-hogs will quieten their voices.

W. W.



OUTSIDE THE FORMER HOME OF THE "PORT-REEVE" AT TONBRIDGE: A VERY MODERN 12-H.P. ROVER BESIDE THE VERY ANCIENT IVY HOUSE.

cars, it is equally the case that some cars are better than some others. Often it requires quite an extended road test to tell us whether a certain car is one of the "better than others," or if it is merely an ordinarily good one. Quite recently I had one of the post-war 25-50-h.p. Talbots for a long week-end all to myself. I had been rather anxious to try the car, because it—or its predecessor—is one which I happen to know rather better than most cars. I had a good deal to do with this model in the war, besides having had experience of it prior to 1914. It was a very fine car then—it was the first to cover one hundred miles

'BP'

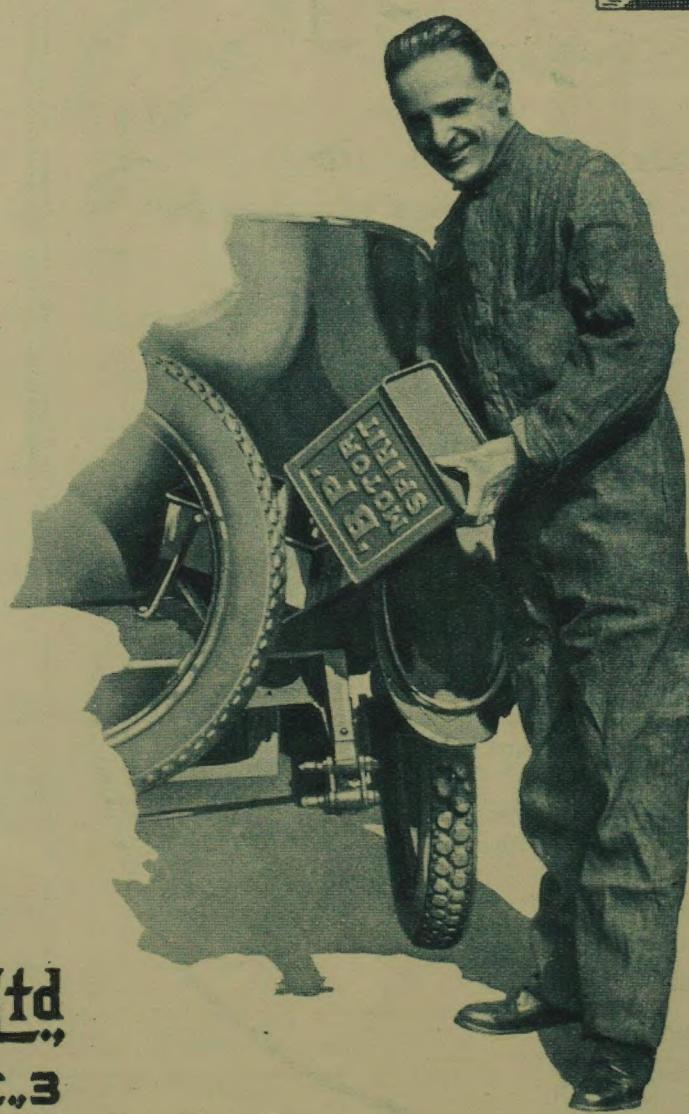
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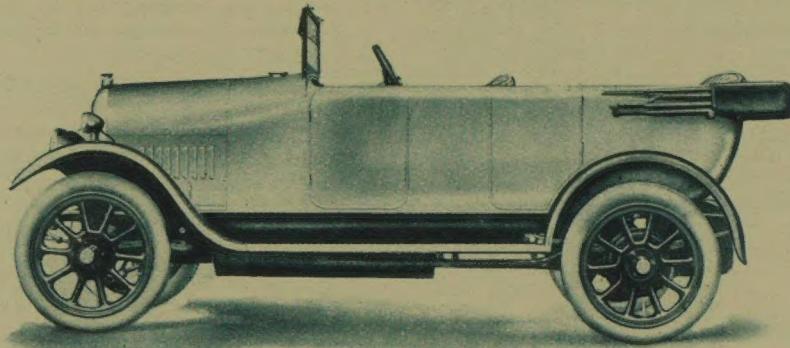
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 THE LEADER OF ITS CLASS

THE Metropolitan Police have provided a fine testimony to the 119 h.p. Bean by adopting it as one of the standard cars for the use of the Force. Before this step was taken, stock models were subjected to very severe road tests and a subsequent examination of the Chassis and bodywork showed the Bean to be in such excellent mechanical condition that a large order for two-seaters, four-seaters, and delivery vans was immediately placed.

The Bean has proved its worth everywhere in private and public road tests, and this latest achievement is a further proof of its claim to the title: "The Leader of its class."

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Two-Seater Touring Model with Dickey Seat	£495	Four-Seater Open Touring Model	£545
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**Your shield against petrol waste**

ZENITH Carburetters work on a petrol-saving principle which ensures your getting the maximum mileage out of every gallon of petrol which you use.

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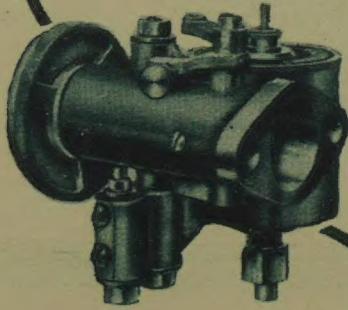
are made to fit all cars, they reduce general running costs. The engine fitted with a Zenith picks up without hesitation, and has greater power on hills.

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The famous "3450" Insulator, patented copper-asbestos gaskets and "two-piece" construction ensure long life and the delivery of a sturdy, vital spark at all times.

Fit up your car with a set to-day.

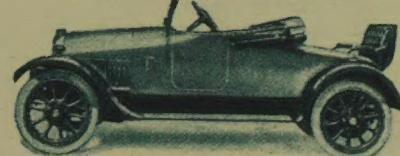
Owing to the lasting qualities and durability of their Insulators, Champion Spark Plugs cost less than any other plug on the market.

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ONE takes the wheel of this improved Humber "Ten" (R.A.C. Rating 11 1/4 h.p.) with an unusual feeling of confidence. The perfection of every mechanical detail, the accessibility of every part, the ease of control, and above all the reliability of the car combine to induce that confidence without which motoring loses half its pleasure.

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Price from 9/6 each of all Garages.

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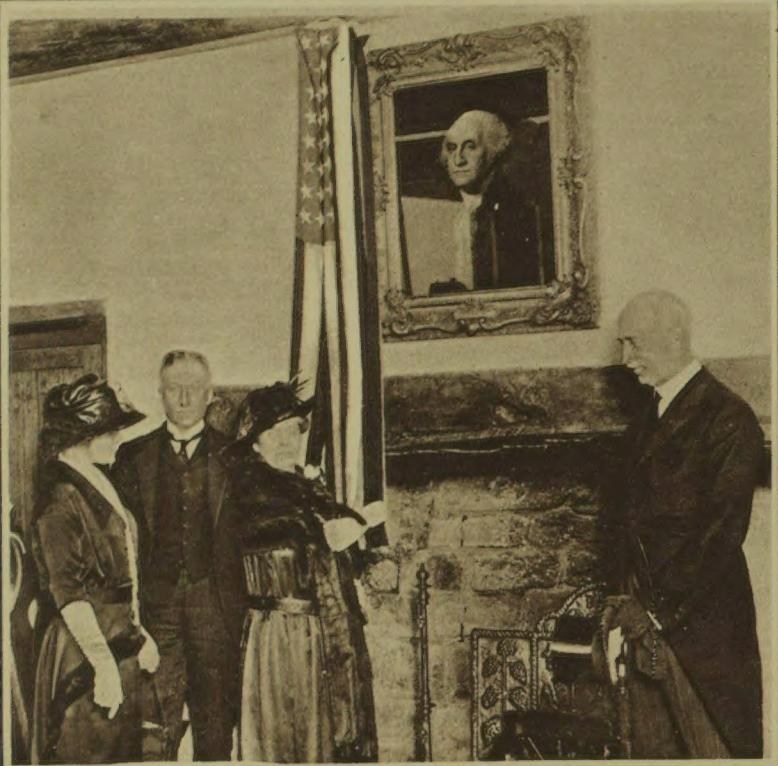
&c.



## AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN IRELAND.

Of all sufferers from the Irish Terror none deserves greater sympathy than the womenfolk of soldiers compelled by military duty, usually against their will, to be concerned in the feuds of a distracted nation. Their point of view is expressed, with unflinching candour and mordant wit, in a little book of reminiscences called "Experiences of an Officer's Wife in Ireland" (Blackwood), published anonymously. The author accompanied her husband to Dublin when he was ordered thither last year. "He was a regimental officer, and had nothing whatever to do with politics, secret service, or police; and we were always told that the Regular soldiers were

popular, and that the people fully realised—as was, and is now, an undoubted fact—that the British officer stood between them and ruin. For had it not been for the regimental officers, and the discipline they enforced, Dublin would have been burned long ago." Nevertheless, he was one of those assailed on that ghastly "Red Sunday" (Nov. 21, 1920) when fourteen British officers were murdered in cold blood, some in the presence of their wives. Of six officers living in the same house, the writer's husband and another escaped with wounds, but the rest were killed. "Never to my dying day," she writes, "shall I forget the scene." It is hardly surprising to find her later describing Ireland as "that accursed country," of which "every stick and stone will be for ever hateful to me." She had gone there with very different feelings, "prepared to love the country and the people," and "genuinely interested in the Sinn Feiners," having "a good deal of sympathy with them." She does not pretend to go into history or politics; she "has no views" on the Irish question—"the situation is too complex for anyone of ordinary intelligence"—but she throws a strong light on the externals of life in Dublin as she saw it, and she pays a high tribute to the conduct of the troops. While the actual murder scene is the climax, there are many others, less tragic though equally illuminating, on domestic and social details, types of character, journeys, Dublin Castle, and the court-martial at which she was required to give evidence. Whatever settlement may ultimately be made in Ireland, this little book adds an indelible page to Irish history.

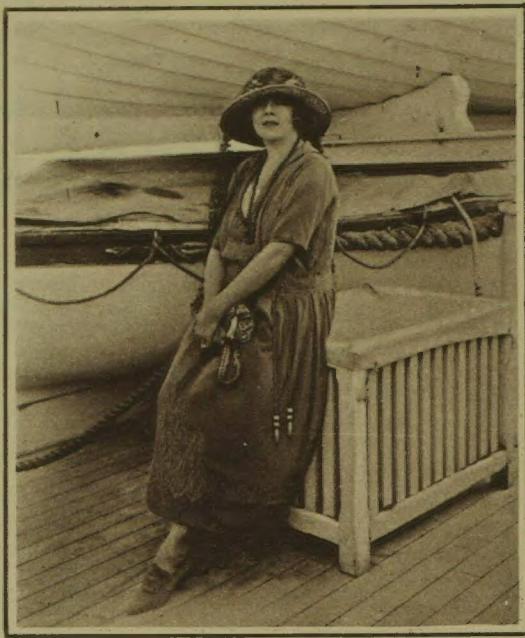


SULGRAVE MANOR DEDICATED AS A SHRINE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP:

MRS. HARVEY UNVEILING A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

Sulgrave Manor, Northants, the ancestral home of George Washington's family, was opened on June 21 as a place of pilgrimage and a museum of historical records. The American Ambassador, Colonel George Harvey, was prevented at the last moment from being present. Our photograph shows Mrs. Harvey unveiling the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington in the dining hall. On the left is Lady Lee of Fareham, who brought a silver key for the opening ceremony, to be sent later to President Harding. On the right is the Marquess of Cambridge, who began the proceedings with a speech, recalling the history of the Sulgrave Institution.

Photograph by L.N.A.

TAKING A SHORT REST FROM "CHU CHIN CHOW":  
MISS LILY BRAYTON ON BOARD THE R.M.S.P. "ANDES"  
EN ROUTE FOR MADEIRA.

After five years of "Chu Chin Chow," Miss Lily Brayton (Mrs. Oscar Asche) recently took a short holiday. Our photograph shows her on board the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's "Andes" on the way to Madeira.

Photograph by R.M.S.P. "Andes" Official Photographer.

bunch of stalks remained, and even they found a bidder. The amount realised was £1143 19s.

Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hospital and College at Alton, Hants, celebrated its Founders' Day on June 27. A meeting was held in the recreation room at which Sir William Treloar, who presided, read messages from the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra. Their Majesties said that they followed with sympathy such efforts towards brightening the lives of boys and girls who, "through affliction or suffering, are unable to enjoy to the full the activities and pleasures of life open to their fellows." Mrs. Lloyd George was among the visitors who were present on the occasion.

At the "Sanitas" Company's General Meeting, held recently, the Chairman, Mr. C. T. Kingzett, said that the past year had, on the whole, been satisfactory, in spite of the general slump in trade and the writing down of stocks, and he congratulated the Company on its results. They were enabled, he said, to pay the full dividend of 9 per cent. on the Preference shares and 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares.

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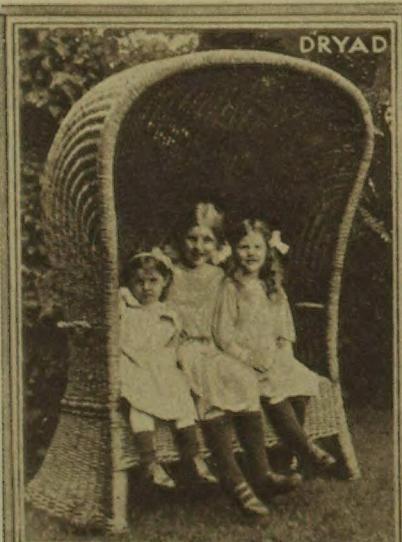
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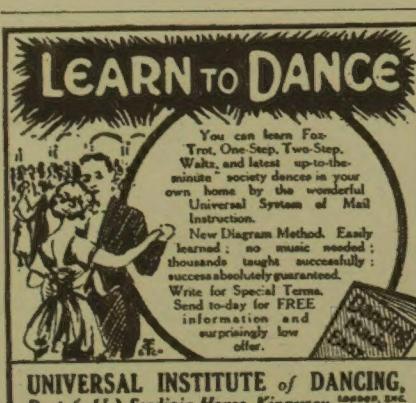
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